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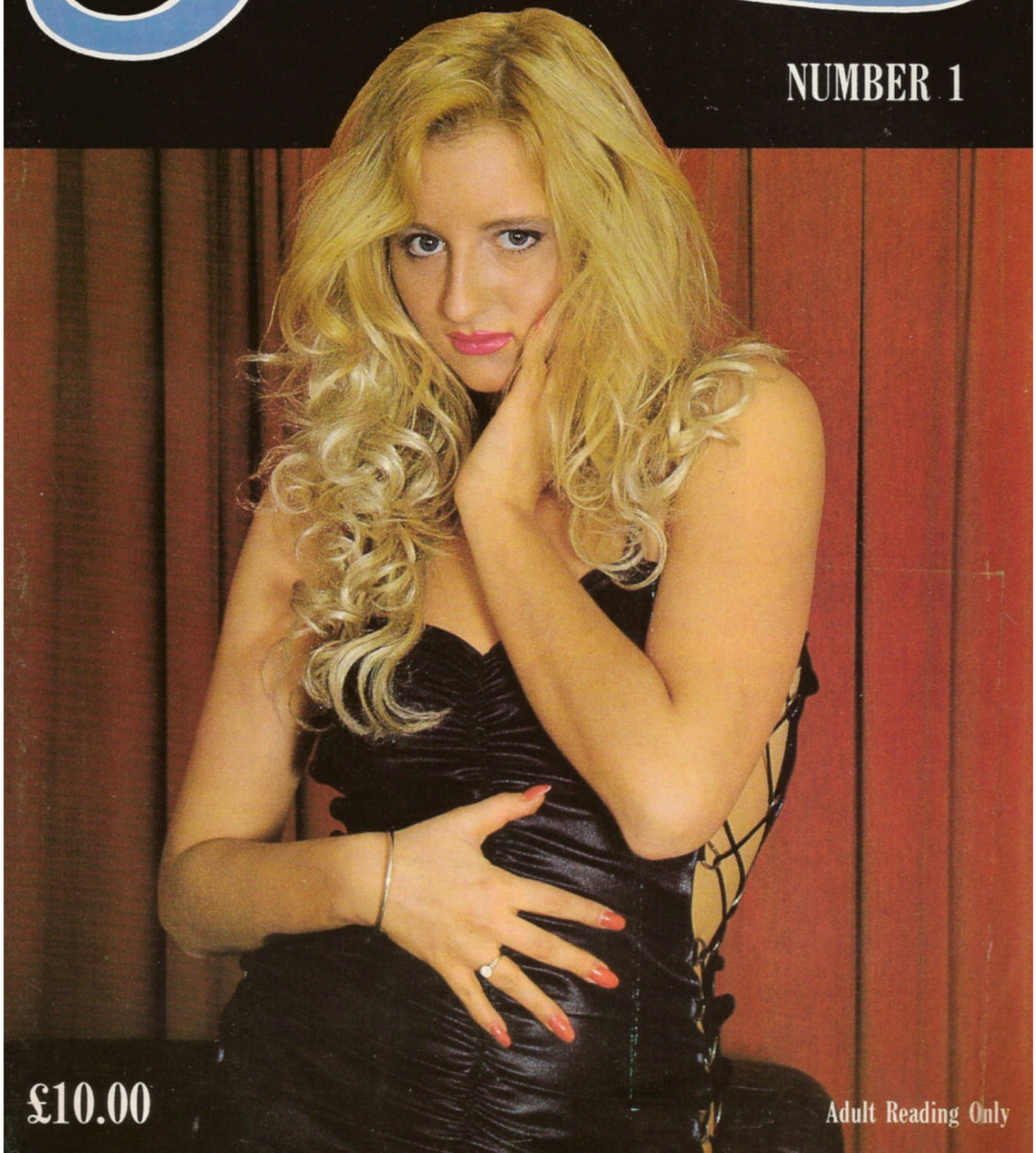
Februs

NUMBER 1



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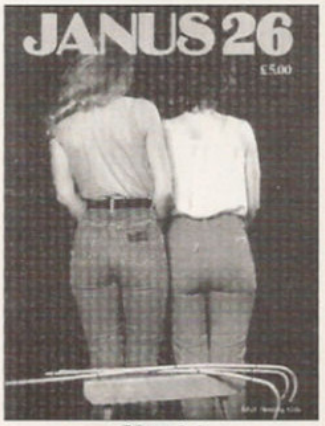

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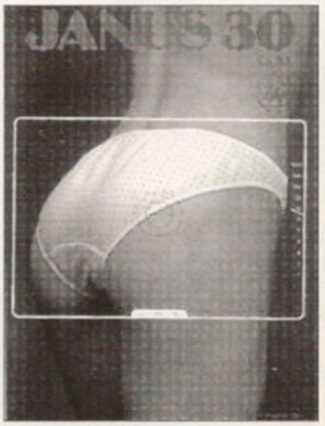

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...Likewise the Maid...

Katrina could never resist a telephone: public kiosks, state-of-the-art domestics, cordless, mobiles ... any sort of telephone cried out to her to be used. It was therefore inevitable that as she made her ineffectual flicks with her feather duster she would be overcome by the urge to call a friend or two.

'Hi, Ginny? It's me, Katrina. Listen this job is brilliant...' She started in a rushed, hushed whisper, but soon relaxed and was giggling loudly as she told her friend about the cushy billet she had found.

'Yeah, he's some kind of ageing hippy artist who's sort of gone respectable. Huge house: you ought to see my room. I've got the run of the place as long as I wear this twee little uniform and make a show of doing the odd spot of house work. It's all for show, though, there's a proper cleaning woman that comes in at the crack of dawn and does the real stuff. Anyway, the great man's out this afternoon, so why don't you come over? Any time after two.'

The receiver went down as Ginny confirmed the arrangement, but it was a hand other than Katrina's that replaced it. Red in the face, but calm of voice, Jeremy Stokes raised his maid by the hair. Without warning or pream-

ble, he sat on the sofa and pulled her across his lap.

'The ageing hippy artist who pays you to do as you are told is about to reinforce the terns of your contract,' he menaced.

To be fair, he had warned her that this might happen, butshe had assumed it was some kind of joke (or fantasy). It was not funny, though to be in this undignified position. It was immediately clear why her skirt was worn so short and why he insisted on stockings and suspenders.

Her knickers were pulled tight into the cleft between her full buttocks and the bared flesh presented a perfect target for the heavy calloused hand that began to spank her thoroughly. She kicked and screamed from the moment the first blow landed, more fromsurpriseand embarrassment than actual pain that was still to come.

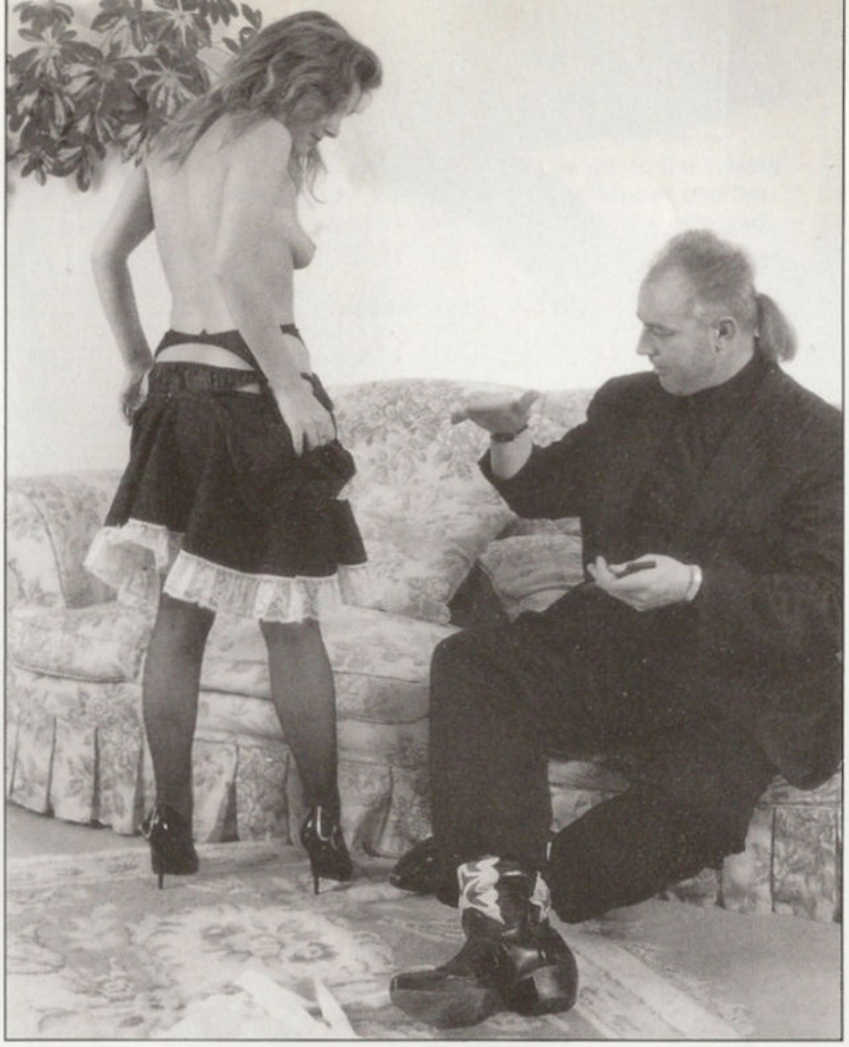
Jeremy Stokes had always had a predilection for spanking the rounded rump of an errant domestic and the success he had enjoyed in the last decade or so through his sculptures meant he had been able to afford to have at least one on his staff at any given time. Naturally, they never stayed long, but that was an advantage in a way. He liked variety. Katrina had been slow to "earn her stripes" but he knew she would sooner or later and then she would no doubt quickly make way for her successor.

He delivered some twenty or so stinging swats to her rear-end, bringing an even crimson glow to the flawless flesh. Then he ordered her to stand up and remove her frilly dress and apron and, as she did so, he pulled a vicious-looking riding crop from under the cushions of the sofa.

Katrina was dumbstruck at the sight of it, but could see no chance to escape. She had no money until Stokes paid her at the end of the week and she was now dressed only in her lingerie - and that only from her waist down! She told herself he would not actually whip her, just give her a few light taps for the sake of form, maybe. She did not realise that her master was highly skilled in the application of a range of implements and that he was serious about his craft!

Her shapely legs were stretched taut as she rested her hands on the arm of the sofa, bracing herself for what was to come. At first he used only the tab, delivering a series of scalding flicks, each leaving its distinctive mark. The sight of his handiwork was beautiful to him and as he pulled down her briefs, he could not resist kissing each mauve wedge shape as it gently raised itself from her already roseate cheeks.

It was at that moment that Ginny arrived and was surprised to find her self greeted at the main door by the artist himself. He led her straight to the living



room, where her friend curled up in the corner of the sofa, more concerned with trying to hide her embarrassment than easing the very real pain in her backside.

'Now, Ginny,' Jeremy Stokes said conversationally, 'I want you to witness Katrina's punishment. It was very wrong of her to use my telephone when she was meant to be working and she said some very unflattering things about me. Now, you sit there and, Katrina, let your friend see the consequence of your insubordination.'

Katrina was beyond arguing by now and hurriedly bent with her hands on the sofa seat, avoiding Ginny's eye. Ginny could not believe what was happening: she sat in silent horror as her chum was subjected to six full strokes of the crop across her bottom, unsurprised by the wailing protests Katrinawas making. 'Let's just make sure you both understand that I will not be mocked in my own home. Katrina, kneel over Ginny's lap so she can give you some moral support.'

Both girls felt a twinge of embarrassment as Katrina draped her near-naked body over Ginny's trousered thighs. Once more, the artist delivered a severe hand - spanking that ensured the whole area framed by Ginny's suspenders and stockings was slapped until it felt as if a million pin-pricks were assailing her.

'Now get out, both of you, 'he barked. 'Take your friend to your room as you are so proud of it, Katrina. Perhaps she will apply some cold cream if you ask her nicely.'

The two needed no second bidding, but they were not on sufficiently initimate terns for Ginny to relieve her friend's discomfort in the way Stokes had suggested. Instead, they huddled

on Katrina's bed and tried to think of suitably vile names for her assailant. Which was unfortunate, because he was listening at the door.

'Okay, Ginny,' he thundered, 'if you are going to insult me I think I have the right to earn your displeasure first.'

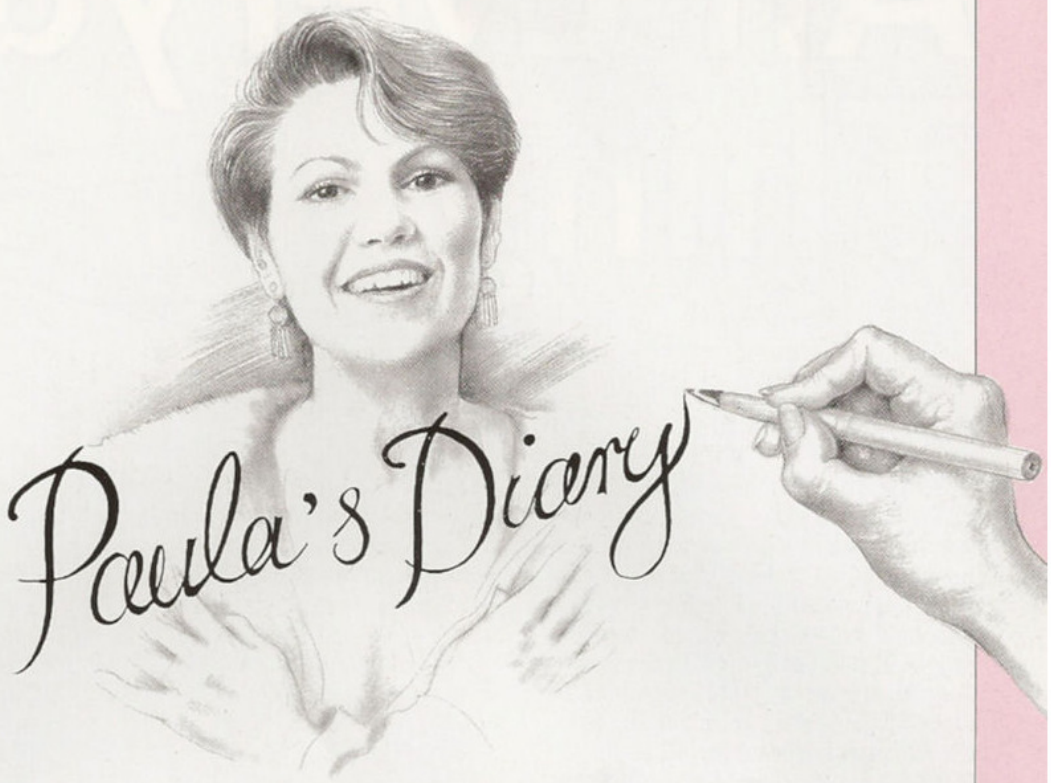
He hauled her over his lap, not bothering to lower her trousers. It gave him less satisfaction to deal with her in this way, but he knew that surprise was important in gaining a girl's submission.

Only when she was beginning to sob quietly did he unfasten the offending jeans and yank them down her thighs. Now he could really lay into that fulsome arse, clear palmprints embedding themselves in the ivory flesh around her panties.

Eventually, these too came down and Jeremy Stokes gazed upon a work of art as creative as anything he had hewn in stone. He had the girls lie face down next to each other and described in lewd detail the similarities and differences in their nether quarters.

A paddle was produced almost magically and he applied it vigorously without favour to the four hemispheres in front of him. He did not count; he did not time their chastisement. Again and again the weighty leather smacked into the sensitive flesh, bringing a cacophony of cries and tears. He only stopped when his arm grew tired and the girls' voices were hoarse from protesting. Even then, their humiliation was not over.

Kneeling on the bed, they had to endure him massaging their engorged rumps, were forced to listen to him gloating about his power over them. And finally, he dismissed them both, telling them to put on their clothes and leave his house immediately. He had to draft an advertisement for a new maid. □



Paula's Diary

This morning I lost Shaftsbury Avenue! There are not many girls who can mislay a thoroughfare of that size but I managed to do it. I had forgotten that it cut across the lower edge of Soho and I wondered what it was doing there when I ought to have reached Old Compton Street. I was tingling you see. Is there a verb, "To tingle?" If there isn't there should be. I have tingled in New York and in Paris, and , since I live in London I have tingled all over England from time to time. It is a very pleasant feeling but it is anticipatory. The toes have a desire to squidge up and tuck themselves under the feet, which isn't possible. A warm glow travels up the legs and plonks itself in the pit of the stomach. It feels like a slug of whisky. It sends up tendrils of adrenalin to the heart so it beats faster and this sets the pulses racing.

I was tingling madly when I turned the corner into Old Compton Street. The street looked much the same as I remembered it. The Strip Club with the photographs or bare breasts seemed to have vanished but it had been replaced by a gay club with lots of young men dashing in and out. I paused. How long, I wondered had it been since I was last here? I thought about it. My last illustration for Janus had been handed in around nineteen eighty four. It was now nineteen ninety four so that left a gap of ten action packed years since I last saw this street. It looked pretty much the same as ever although I'm sure there must have been new business and shops.

I continued along the road. The tingle was still there. It forecasted things to come. It was not predominantly a sexual feeling. Children tingle through the run up to Christmas. They are thinking of emptying stockings and opening presents. Oh yes, a girl will tingle when she has a date with a man when the chemistry is right. She may know perfectly well that he is a liar and a rat and of no use whatsoever in the love and marriage stakes, but she'll tingle just the same.

I stopped and stared across the road. There it was, the JANUS SHOP! It was exactly as I always remember it. I crossed the road, pushed the door and went inside. I was expected. I was thumbed towards the end of the counter where a short line of gentlemen looked at the latest issue of Janus and Fessee. If they knew who I was they were too absorbed or too polite to say so. The publisher of the famous magazine took my arm and ushered me into his private cubbyhole.

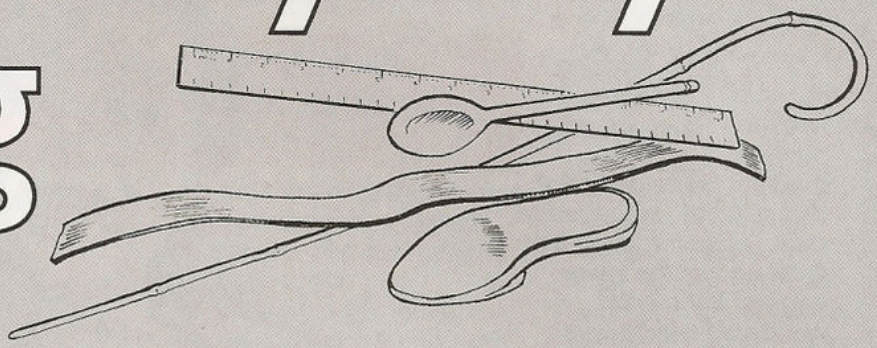
"Long time no see Paula," he said genially. He sat me down, poured a glass of white wine and we mutually leaned on the grape while he asked what I'd been doing since my last appearance ten years previously.

I didn't know him very well although he obviously knew me. My business in the past had been with the editor of Janus. This brisk but friendly businessman was the owner. We chatted but at last I felt it was time I contributed my bit to our Prime Minister's back to basics campaign. "You called me, I'm here" I said, sipping gently. "Why am I here?" "We want you back Paula" he said. "You started with us. We want you back at the old stand with the old firm under the sign of the two headed god. I was puzzled. "You want me to illustrate Janus again?" He shook his head. "Janus is fine the way it is. It's in good hands but it is about to have a sister. Name of Februs. Design, illustration, editing, it's yours if you want it.

We ambled down to the 'Coach and Horses' where more wine flowed over my tonsils and the tingle changed it's rhythm to a Latin American beat. Pure Edmundo Ross. I floated home to North London on a train that was doing the conga while I, in the carriage watching Highgate was tapping out a rhumba. Highgate was just floating about and doing nothing in particular. I managed to alight at the right station, which was a miracle, and spent the rest of the day saying, "I gotta new magazine."

And here it is!

An Everyday Thing



by Cyrian Amberlake

ANGELA BOWYER didn't think of herself as anyone very special. She was a 28-year-old suburban housewife, with a life full of everyday things: housework, cleaning, shopping and cooking. Once a week she went to an evening class in book-keeping and modern office methods. Once a year she went on holiday to the Channel Islands with her husband Rory, whom she loved very much.

Angela was slim and fair-skinned, with hair so dark it was almost black, which she wore in a very short, almost boyish, style. About the house she wore a jogging suit, or jeans and a sweater. When she went out she liked to put on a skirt and stockings. For special occasions she wore her long black and silver dress.

She was wearing it tonight, because tonight was a special occasion, though Angela and Rory weren't going anywhere. It was Sunday. Angela had cooked a Chicken Stroganoff and they'd shared a bottle of Orvieto, dining alone with the lights dimmed. Over coffee and Cointreau Rory smiled at her and took her hand across the table. Tonight they would leave the washing up and make love. But first, Angela knew, she was due for a good spanking.

It may seem unusual, and in general it presumably would be, that an ordinary young housewife should be sitting, in her best dress, holding her husband's hand across the dinner table, while calmly and certainly expecting a spanking. But for Angela Bowyer being spanked wasn't unusual at all. In fact it was an everyday thing, an everyday occurence. She didn't quite know how she had come to be quite so much in demand, bent over with her knickers down; but it was so. And once a week, on Sunday night, she would take an upright chair from the dining table and sit before Rory in his armchair, and tell him, as she was about to do tonight, all about her week.

'Monday,' Angela said. 'Monday I went to the doctor's.'

MONDAY

Dr Crick had been Angela's doctor since she was a little girl, though it wasn't until she grew up that he started taking a great interest in examining her skin. All of it. He said she had a circulation problem, which was why she was so pale. Well, it was true her feet were always cold. Dr Crick's treatment didn't seem to make any difference, though.

'Let's just have a look at your blood pressure, shall we?' asked Dr Crick.

He wasn't really asking her. Angela rolled up the sleeve of her sweater and he wrapped the rubber tube around her arm, then pumped it up and checked the gauge.

He smiled at her. 'Now the other,' he said, loosening the tube.

'The other arm?' said Angela.

'No, my dear,' said Dr Crick. 'The other end.' He looked at her over his glasses. 'It is your feet that are the problem, isn't it?'

'Yes, Dr Crick,' said Angela.

'Very well then,' said Dr Crick; and he gestured at her skirt with a crooked finger.

Reluctantly, Angela pulled up her skirt. Today she was wearing stockings and a suspender belt. She went to unfasten a suspender.

'That won't be necessary,' said Dr Crick.

Angela sat back and looked at the ceiling while Dr Crick prepared to take her blood pressure. He liked to wrap the rubber tube around her thigh, threading it under her suspenders. It took him a long time to do this. When it was done he sat up, rather red in the face, and pumped up the tube again. Angela held her breath as it squeezed her thigh.

Dr Crick tapped the gauge and shook his head regretfully.

'We're going to have to repeat the treatment, I'm afraid, Angela,' he said. He didn't sound very sorry. 'Just pop behind the screen and slip your things off, dear, would you?'

'All of them?' asked Angela.

'All of them,' said Dr Crick. He seemed to be breathing rather hard.

She could hear him even while she was behind the screen, undressing. Well, he was getting on a bit. She peeked around the screen. While she was taking off her panties, he was putting a fat pillow in the middle of the couch.

Nude, Angela stepped out and went to lie on the couch. The pillow went under her hips, lifting her bottom. She lay there with her head resting on her arms. She watched the doctor shuffle across the room to his desk.

'Dr Crick?' she said.

'What is it, my dear?' he asked, not looking round. He was feeling about in the drawer.

'Well, I hope you don't mind me saying,' began Angela, 'but should you really keep giving me this treatment? I mean, it's a bit, well, strenuous. I was talking to my husband and we thought, well, maybe a physiotherapist--.'

'I'll give you a referral to the clinic, by all means,' said Dr Crick graciously, 'if you'd like that. But I'd still like to see you myself, from time to time. I'm sure that would be best.'

He was creeping back over to her

now, a wooden ruler in his hand.

'Oh. The ruler again?' said Angela.

'Oh yes, my dear,' said Dr Crick. 'I think the ruler.'

Angela looked into his kind, crinkly old eyes. How could he possibly mean her any harm? Poor old thing. He was positively panting. She wanted to wipe his glasses for him.

'I'm sure you know best, Dr Crick,' said Angela doubtfully, and she turned to face the wall. She clung to the sides of the couch with both hands, feeling the suspense of that awful empty moment before the start of a treatment, before the first --

WHACK!

For an old man, Dr Crick still had quite a swing. Every appointment she forgot, and every appointment he surprised her.

WHACK!

'With the ruler -- ' he said, ' -- one can measure out -- the dose!'

And he measured out her treatment with his ruler, scrupulously, across Angela Bowyer's bottom and down her thighs.

*

'What was the dose, Angie?' her husband asked.

'Sixteen strokes, Rory,' she said.

TUESDAY

Angela's mum always came round on Tuesday afternoon for a cup of tea. Ever since they'd had a place of their own her mum had taken to inspecting the house, checking up on the standard of her cleaning, making sure she had the approved brands of everything in her cupboards. Angela didn't mind, really.

Quite often she needed her mum's advice, and with a whole house to run it was nice to feel she was being looked after, just a bit, just one day a week.

If only mum weren't so hard to please.

Mrs Reed was poking around in the kitchen while Angela did the washing up. Angela wanted to laugh. She did look funny on her hands and knees with her head in the cupboard and her broad bottom in its sensible grey pleated skirt sticking up in the air. 'What's this?' said Angela's mum, her voice muffled by pots and pans.

'I can't see, mummy,' said Angela, smiling to herself.

Mrs Reed backed out of the cupboard and stood up, brandishing a

saucepan. 'Your good non-stick pan I bought you!' she said indignantly.

'What about it?'

Mrs Reed thrust the offending utensil under her daughter's nose.

'You've only been cleaning it with a scouring pad, that's what! You've had all the Teflon off it.'

Angela glanced at the pan. It did look a mess. She rubbed it ineffectually with a fingertip, then dipped her rubber gloves back in the suds.

'It was probably Rory, mum,' she said.

'I dare say,' said Mrs Reed portentously. 'But men don't know about these things. You have to stand over them every minute.' She clucked her tongue and sighed deeply. 'I don't know, Angie. I just don't know what we're going to do with you, I really don't.'

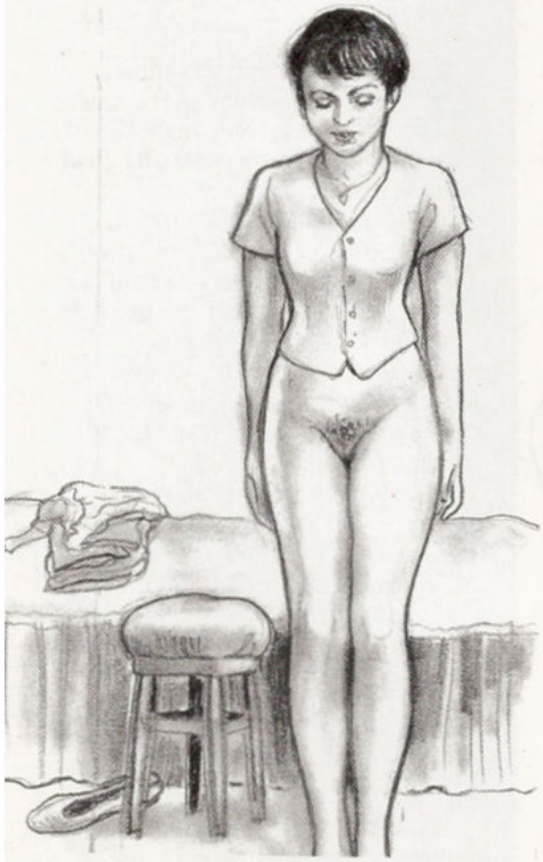
Angela rinsed the last saucer, tipped the water down the sink and dried her hands. 'Don't be silly, mummy,' she said. 'You know perfectly well what you're going to do with me. You do it every Tuesday.'

A small spot of pink appeared in each of Mrs Reed's cheeks.

'Oh, Angie,' she said softly. 'It's only because I care about you. You know that.'

'Yes, mum,' said Angela, forgiving her. 'I know.'

'You go up and get ready, then, love,' said her mother, kissing her on the cheek and patting her elbow.



Here we go again, thought Angela, looking the bedroom mirror as she unzipped her jeans.

When Mrs Reed came up to see to her a couple of minutes later, Angela was sitting on the bed with her bare legs tucked under her bare bottom. Her knickers and jeans were neatly folded beside her. Without waiting to be told, she got up and stood facing her mother, her hands at her sides.

'There's a good girl, Angie,' said Mrs Reed placidly.

She sat down on the stool in front of the dressing table, smoothing her skirt across her lap.

'Come on, then,' she said. 'Over my knee.'

Over Angela went.

'If I've got marks,' she said, 'it was Dr Crick. He gave me the ruler yesterday. For my circulation. So he says.'

'Stuff and nonsense,' said her mother. 'Dr Crick just knows what a young woman needs, to make her behave herself.' She put her arm around Angela's waist and reached down beside the stool for the slipper Angela had put there.

Angela closed her eyes. She pressed her hands against the floor and lifted her head. It wasn't so bad, her weekly spanking from mummy, not as bad as Dr Crick, anyway.

WHACK!

Yes it was.

*

'How many was that, Angie?' he asked.

'Six, Rory,' she said. 'It's always six, from mummy.'

WEDNESDAY

Angela was in the kitchen making a cup of coffee when there was a knock at the back door. It was Frank the milkman. And her still in her dressing gown.

'Seven pound sixty-two, please, love,' he said, with a big smile and a tip of his cap.

'I didn't know it was today,' said Angela.

Frank's smile expanded. 'Seven pound sixty-two,' he said again. 'It's two weeks, you know.'

'I'm sorry, Frank,' said Angela. 'I haven't got the change. In fact I haven't got any money at all. I was going to the bank this afternoon. Are you sure it's today?'

'Yes, love,' said Frank.

'Well, could you come back later, then?'

'No, love,' said Frank.

'Well, couldn't we make it three weeks, just this once?'

'No, love,' said Frank.

'Please?'

She was only playing for time, she knew that.

Frank shook his head.

Angela opened the door wider. 'You'd better come in, then, hadn't you?'

Frank came in. He took off his cap and put it on top of the fridge. He rubbed his hands together, as though he was warming them up. He always looked so eager.

Angela gave him a little smile. She had a bit of a soft spot for Frank.

If only he didn't always find it so unerringly.

'The usual arrangement, I suppose?' she said.

'Yes, please, love,' said Frank, promptly.

There were two windows in Angela's kitchen, both with venetian blinds.

'It's a funny thing,' Angela said, as she lowered the blinds and closed them. 'I'm sure I paid last week, you know.'

'I don't think you did, love,' said Frank, making himself comfortable on her kitchen stool.

'Oh well,' said Angela.

She took off her dressing gown and stood before him in her nightie.

'It's a good thing I came round early,' he said, approvingly.

He took her by the hand and drew her between his knees. He lifted her nightie and cuddled her bottom. 'What is it, fifty p. a smack?'

'A quid!' Angela protested.

They settled at seventy-five pence. 'And a kiss for the odd twelve,' said Frank.

She gave him his kiss, thinking that perhaps she wouldn't mention that bit when she told Rory. Then she leaned forward over his leg, supporting herself on her hands, looking round at him. He liked to do her standing up, could watch her face. And he made sure there was plenty to watch.

He held her nightie up in his left hand, and smacked her bottom. Angela just smiled at him. He smacked her again, the other side. That one stung.

Frank had hard hands from carrying all those crates. But she kept smiling determinedly.

The next made her gasp. And the next made her cry out.

He paused. The pupils of his eyes

were very wide.

'You know, I think I did pay last week,' said Angela. 'But I suppose it's as well to be sure.'

'Yes, love,' said Frank.

'Ow!' said Angela. 'Ow! Ow!'

*

'Seven pounds sixty-two,' said Rory, 'divided by seventy-five...'

'Ten,' she told him. 'It was ten.'

THURSDAY

Angela had had all week to do the homework for her evening class, but somehow once again she'd hardly looked at it. She was slowly working her way towards a diploma, with the idea of one day getting a part-time job, and some extra cash. One day, she thought gloomily, wiping the dust off her textbooks.

The class met in a draughty room at the community centre, under the tuition of Mrs Falmer, a sharp, brisk, executive type who wore lavender suits and starched white blouses. She led them through everything at a cracking pace and had her own way of encouraging the stragglers. She marked their homework and handed them all back but three. 'Mrs Thorne, Mrs Williams, Mrs Bowyer,' she called. 'See me afterwards.'

While the rest of the women filed out, Angela exchanged guilty looks with Callie Williams. Callie was a cheery soul, a big black woman who laughed a lot and was about as clueless as Angela when it came to business methods. It was always Callie and Angela who had to stay behind. Mrs Thorne was older than the others, a former secretary returning to work after raising a family. It was the first time she'd been singled out. She looked apprehensively at Angela and Callie as the three of them approached Mrs Falmer's big wide table.

Mrs Falmer put on her glasses, which she wore on a gold chain around her neck. With raised eyebrows and pursed lips., she gave them back their homework. 'Mrs Thorne. You may not yet feel sure about VAT, but the rest of the country does. Mrs Williams: I couldn't read it, and that's probably just as well. Mrs Bowyer, I sometimes feel you'd be better off studying something else. Anything else.'

She reached into the drawer of the table. 'Mrs Bowyer, Mrs Williams: you know the routine by now. Mrs Thorne: this is the first time I've had to deal with you --'

Betty Thorne looked confused. '*Deal* with me -- ?' she echoed.

' -- so I'll go easy on you,' continued Mrs Falmer calmly, as if she hadn't been interrupted. 'Two for you, Mrs Thorne, to wake you up. Four each, you others.'

She came around the table, holding a three-foot length of bamboo lightly in both hands.

Mrs Thorne stood goggling at her. Angela and Callie looked at each other, then at Betty Thorne.

Mrs Falmer rapped smartly on the table with her cane. 'Come along,' she commanded. 'SKIRTS UP, PANTIES DOWN, OVER THE DESK. You too, Mrs Thorne.'

Callie Williams sighed. She hoisted up her skirt like an ocean-going yacht taking in sail, and pulled down a voluminous pair of bright pink panties, looking sidelong all the while at Angela, who was sliding down her own white cotton knickers. Mrs Thorne was just standing there with her mouth open.

'I shan't tell you again, Mrs Thorne,' said Mrs Falmer loudly, 'I shall just fail you.'

'Oh well,' said Betty, 'I suppose -'

Bravely, she lifted up her dress and her slip, and, with a strangely delicate movement, drew down her tights. She looked at Angela and Callie, both already in position, and shaking her head anxiously, bent over the desk beside them.

'Does it really do any good, do you think?' she asked.

'Oh, I'm sure it must do, Mrs Thorne!' said Angela, and silently, secretly, she took her hand.

'Three bare bottoms in a row,' said Mrs Falmer contemplatively. 'I don't know when I last saw such a sorry sight.'

Callies came first: four swift, hissing strokes that Angela knew without even looking would be as straight across her fat black bottom as the lines on Mrs Falmer's graphs. Callie leapt up, clutching herself and stamping on the floor. She made a hooting noise like a sneezing horse.

'A little more decorum, please, Mrs Williams,' said Mrs Falmer.

She came up to the other end of the line, and Betty Thorne. The cane swished, twice.

'Oh! 'OH!' Betty cried. She clapped her hands to her backside but did not rise. She lay there, staring at the wall as if stunned.

'Now then. Mrs Bowyer,' said Mrs Falmer.

It was obvious from her tone she had been saving the best till last.

*

Another four, was that?' Rory asked.

'Yes, darling,' she said.

Four lines of fire that had troubled her all the way home, and made her sleep on her tummy that night.

FRIDAY

Friday was the day Dr Crick had arranged for Angela to begin at the physiotherapy clinic.

She got a bus to the hospital, waited half an hour, filled in a dozen forms, waited most of another hour in the corridor, and was finally shown into what looked like a small gymnasium. A young woman in a white coat, with fair hair tied back in a ponytail, and a pair of large round glasses balanced on her small round nose, came and shook Angela's hand. Her manner was severe, though she was hardly out of her teens.

'Mrs Bowyer? I'm Dr Cherry. Come and sit up here with me.'

They sat together on an examination couch, rather like Dr Crick's, Angela thought. Dr Cherry thumbed through a slim folder of notes. 'Oh, yes,' she said. 'Yours is an unusual case, isn't it?'

'I'm not sure there's anything wrong with me at all,' admitted Angela.

'But Dr Crick says --' She

Paula.

hesitated, wondering how to put it.

'Shall we take a look, then?' said Dr Cherry, patting her on the thigh in a friendly way.

Angela wondered why all doctors referred to themselves as we.

She started to unfasten her clothes. 'Everything?' she asked.

'Everything,' said Dr Cherry.

Nude once again, Angela lay face down on the couch. Dr Cherry massaged her back. It felt good. She began to relax. She was in safe hands, expert hands. Elderly family doctors were very nice, but there were limits.

'Your skin does look as though there may be some capillary constriction,' Dr Cherry observed. 'Dr Crick has been treating you how long?' She kneaded the small of Angela's back.

'Years,' said Angela, luxuriating in the sensation. 'I'm not sure it's doing me any good. That's why I asked to come here, really.'

Dr Cherry was up on the couch now, kneeling astride her, digging her fingers in under her ribs. 'What treatment does he usually give you?'

Angela felt her face begin to colour. 'He gives me -- well, I mean -- what I mean is -- he gives me -- spankings. I suppose you could say.'

'On the bottom?' asked Dr Cherry.

'Yes. And on my thighs. Usually. With a ruler.'

There. It was said. Angela sighed. 'It's a bit -- unorthodox, isn't it?' she asked hopefully.

'Yes,' said Dr Cherry at once. 'It's ridiculous.'

She drew the side of her hand down the cleft of Angela's buttocks. Angela shivered, deliciously.

'A ruler would be far too rigid,' said Dr Cherry softly. 'What you need, Mrs Bowyer, is some of this.'

Angela sat up quickly.

Dr Cherry was holding a long leather strap, doubled over in her hands.

'Oh,' said Angela.

Dr Cherry flexed the strap. She said, 'And I suppose he puts you across his knee, does he?'

'No, he puts me on the couch with a pillow under me,' said Angela rapidly. 'Mummy puts me --'

She stopped, feeling very foolish.

Dr Cherry was nodding understandingly. 'And does she use a strap?'

'A slipper,' said Angela, wide-eyed.

'She lay down again, defeated.

'Better,' Dr Cherry conceded, 'but I still think we should try you with the strap. And you'll find your pulse rate is faster or slower according to your position.'

She leaned over Angela again, pressing her hand to her bare breasts. Angela stared up at her. Dr Cherry was feeling her heartbeat. That was all, surely.

'That's satisfactory,' Dr Cherry said. 'So let's see what we can do to get it up a bit further, shall we? Lift your knees up to your chest. Can you do that for me?'

Reluctantly, Angela exposed the most intimate view of herself to this rather serious young woman.

'Hold on to your legs,' Dr Cherry instructed her. 'No, no -- don't close them.'

She gave Angela a clinical little smile through the vee of her raised legs. 'You might like to watch this,' she said.

Angela had never watched herself receive a spanking before. She was not sure she wanted to now.

'Now,' said Dr Cherry, running her fingers along the taut skin of Angela's thighs, 'I'm just going to cover your vulva up, just to protect you. You wouldn't want me to miss and hit you there by mistake! But don't worry, I won't miss, I promise. I never miss.'

Angela believed her.

Smiling, the young doctor slipped her hand between Angela's parted legs and settled it gently over her crotch. 'My goodness,' she said primly. 'I do believe you're getting excited. You naughty girl,' she said, lightly, and the strap came down.

*

That's a new one,' said Rory. 'How many did she give you?'

'Sixteen,' said Angela. 'The same as Dr Crick. The dose as before.'

But she didn't mention what she had let Dr Cherry do after the treatment was over, which had also helped raise her blood pressure, and which she would never have let Dr Crick do.

SATURDAY

The doorbell rang. It was Clare Gidding from round the corner. She was smoking a cigarette. She looked angry. 'What happened to you last night, then?' she demanded.

Angela's hand flew to her mouth. 'Oh, no, Clare! I promised to babysit, didn't I? I completely forgot! Oh, I am sorry...'

'I rang when it got to eight,' Clare said, 'but there was no answer.'

Angela had been in the bath at eight, soaking herself, recuperating after her exertions at the physic clinic. She'd heard the phone and decided to let it ring. Her meeting with Dr Cherry had put all other thoughts out of her mind.

'So you just forgot,' said Clare disgustedly. She drew on her cigarette, hard.

Angela nodded.

'It's too bad of you, Angie, it really is,' said Clare. 'It was our anniversary, and we were going out. We couldn't get anybody else. We had to ring up and cancel.'

'Look, Clare, come in. Please.'

Angela went and made a cup of coffee. When she brought it in Clare was sitting on the couch leafing irritably through a magazine. She took the cigarette out of her mouth and accepted the cup. 'Ta,' she said ungraciously.

Angela slipped her shoes off. She knelt down on the floor by Clare's feet. She said quietly, 'You're very cross with me, Clare, aren't you?'

'Wouldn't you be, if it was me?'

'Yes, I would,' said Angela at once. 'I let you down. I ruined your evening. It was stupid and thoughtless of me.'

Clare looked away, taking a last drag on her cigarette and stubbing it

'I'll warm your bottom for you, my girl!' cried Clare, thoroughly into it now, ' and then you can stand in the corner until I say you can come out. There!'

out hard in the saucer of her cup.

Angela put her hand on Clare's knee.

She said, 'I suppose you want to punish me.'

Clare swung around, looking hard at her. 'What?'

'Well, everybody else this week has.'

Clare reached for another cigarette and lit it. 'What are you talking about, Angie?'

'I keep getting spanked.'

Clare sipped her coffee. 'Are you trying to be funny, Angie?' She sounded suspicious.

Angela shook her head. She got up, unzipped her jeans and pulled them down to her thighs. 'I've got bruises,' she said. 'Can you see?'

Clare made a sort of gulping noise. She put her coffee cup down carefully, the cigarette burning in the saucer. She gazed at Angela's bottom.

'Is this Rory?' she asked.

'Not yet,' said Angela. 'You can touch, if you like.'

She felt Clare's fingers on her bottom, moving tentatively to the inside of her thigh, just below her panties.

Angela turned, her jeans slipping down to her knees. 'I'm very very sorry about last night, Clare. It was my fault. All the things I've been spanked for this week and this is the only time I actually deserve it.'

She took Clare's hand, looking down gravely into her eyes.

'Where do you want me?' she asked her.

'I can't spank you, Angie!' said Clare crossly, taking her hand out of Angela's and gulping at her coffee. 'You're a grown woman, for goodness sake!'

'That doesn't stop anyone else,' Angela pointed out.

'But I've never spanked anyone in my life!' Clare complained.

'I don't suppose it's very difficult, Clare,' Angela said. She stepped out of her jeans. 'Didn't you ever have your bottom spanked when you were a little girl?'

Clare looked away, embarrassed.

'That was a long time ago!' she objected.

Angela folded her jeans and hung them on the back of a chair. She sat down beside Clare on the couch, in her panties. She put her hand on Clare's knee again.

Clare looked at Angela's hand, at Angela's bare thighs. She looked away again. 'My mum,' she said, 'used to use a wooden spoon...'

Angela got up and hurried into the kitchen in bare feet. She looked at the jar of wooden spoons on the window sill. No one had used a wooden spoon on her before. She wondered which one would be best. In the end she took Clare the whole jar.

'My physiotherapist says I should lie on my back with my legs up,' she said, while Clare tried to concentrate on picking a spoon. 'For my circulation,' said Angela. She stroked Clare's arm. 'I'd much rather go over your knee,' she admitted.

Clare started to blush. 'Well, I don't know!' she exclaimed. 'I really don't! Come here, you!' She grabbed Angela around the waist and hoisted her across her lap.

'You have to take my knickers down first,' Angela said, face down.

'What? That's cruel. My mum never took my knickers down.'

'It's not a proper spanking,' said Angela decisively, 'if you keep your knickers on.'

'You really are the limit,' said Clare. She took hold of Angela's knickers and tugged them down to her thighs. 'How many?'

'Eight,' said Angela. 'Make it a round number.

'Eight's not a --'

'Doesn't matter. Doesn't matter,' said Angela quickly. 'Tell me how cross you are with me. Then spank me hard. Eight.'

'All right!' said Clare determinedly. 'You're a wicked girl! You ruined our evening. Our anniversary, it was, and you spoiled it! I've a good mind,' she went on, almost shouting now, 'not to ask you to babysit ever again!'

She spanked her with the spoon, once, sharply -- smack! She did it again, on the other cheek.

'I'll warm your bottom for you, my girl!' cried Clare, thoroughly into it now, ' and then you can stand in the corner until I say you can come out. There!'

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK

SUNDAY

'Right,' said Rory.

'Yes, my love,' said Angela. 'Every day this week you had your bottom spanked,' he said, marvelling.

'Yes, Rory.'

'Let me see it now.'

She stood up and lifted her black and silver dress for him, turned and bent forward as she eased her panties down.

Her skin was smooth and clear, quite without a mark. He stroked it. she trembled.

'You really have the most extraordinary imagination, my love,' he murmured; and stooped to kiss her bottom.

Yes, darling,' she said. 'I'm sorry, really I am.'

'I think it's time you fetched your hairbrush,' he told her.

Angela pulled up her panties and ran upstairs. In the dim light from the landing she looked at herself in the mirror. Her face was flushed. Her mouth was dry.

The hairbrush was on the dressing table, waiting for her. She seized it and ran back downstairs.

Rory was sitting totting up the figures on a piece of paper. He looked at her and shook his head. 'Sixty,' he said, grimly. 'A round number.'

'Oh no,' said Angela, and hid the hairbrush behind her back.

Rory raised his eyebrows. 'I'm not sure it's enough,' he said. 'For telling all those incredible lies.'

Angela started to back towards the door. 'I'll be good,' she said quickly, 'I promise...,

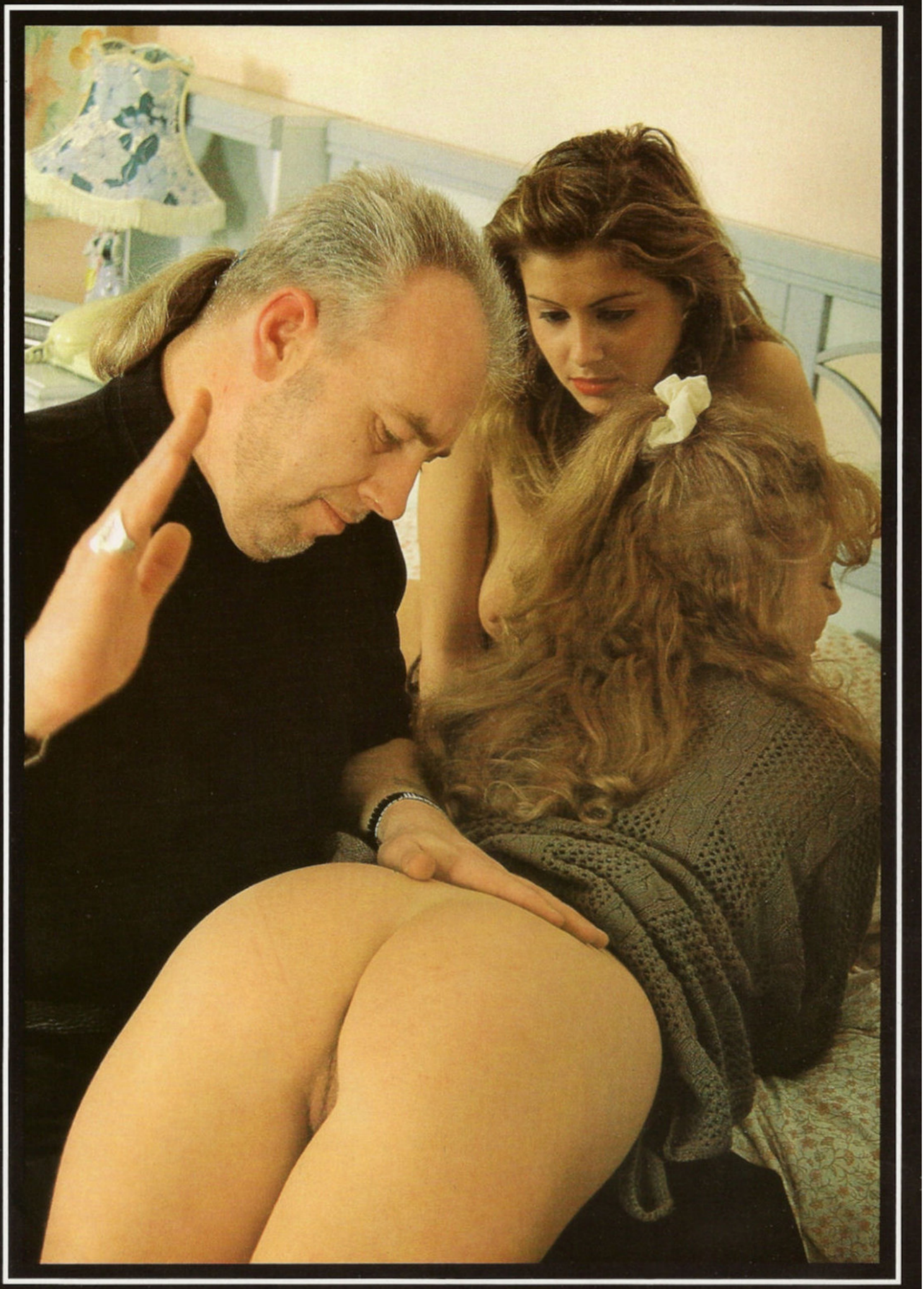
Rory came and put his arms around her. With one he stroked her bottom, thoughtfully; and with the other he took the hairbrush out of her hand. It was made of wood, with a well-shaped handle and an oval back almost the size of the palm of Angela's hand. She had had it a long time. She was very fond of it.

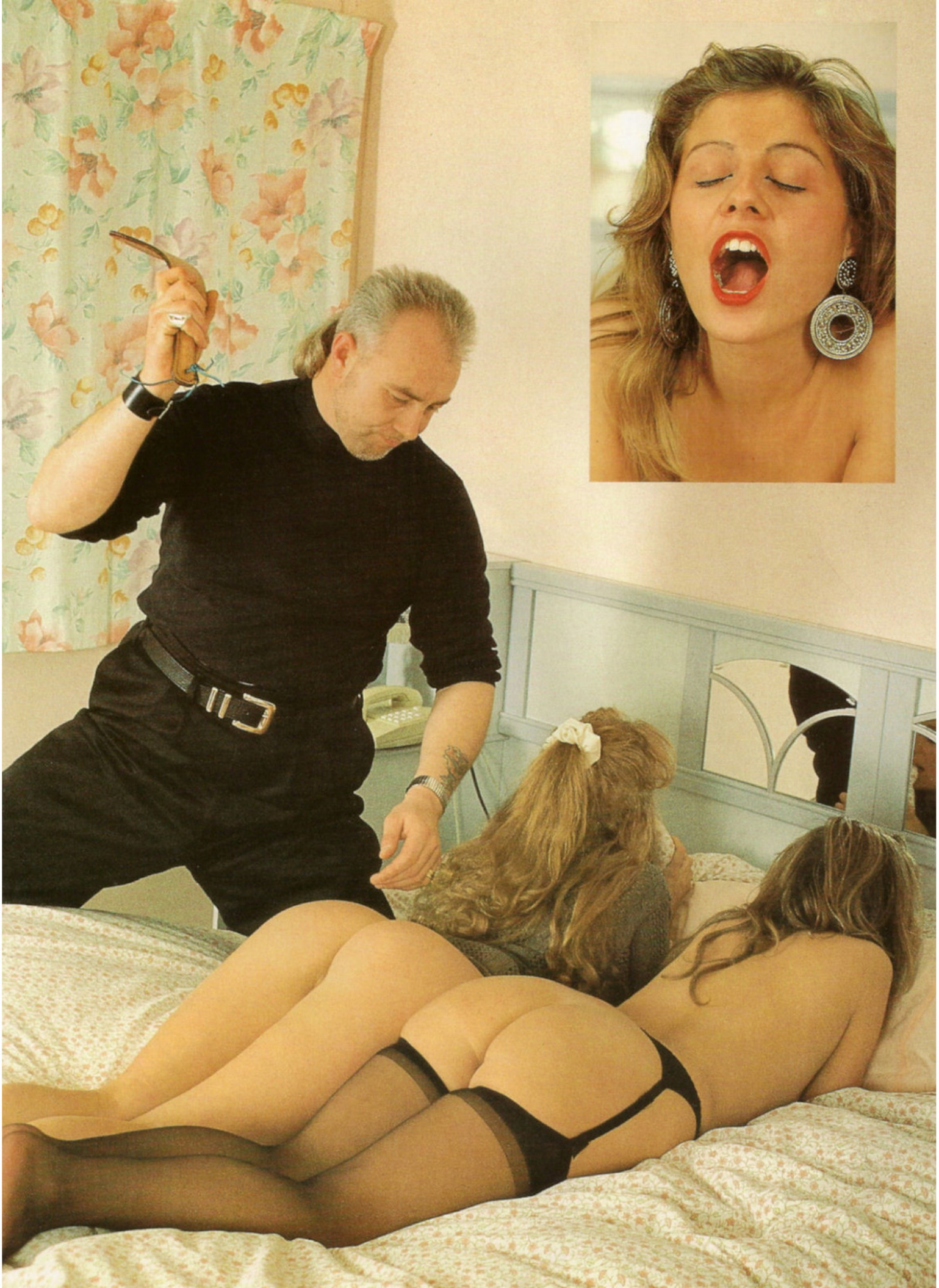
'Take off your dress,' said Rory, 'and your panties. Come here. Kneel down.

He looked at her then for a while with pleasure, without saying anything, as she knelt before him in her bra and stockings, her head bent submissively. He caressed her hair.

She looked up, rubbing her mouth against his hand.

He lifted her up and hugged her, and then he laid her across his knee. □





ACCEPTANCE

'Why did I tell you to dress this way?' Simon Tomkins asked the nervous girl. 'Because you like girls in leather?' she ventured.

'Good suggestion, but not quite right. I wanted to see if you could follow orders. Today I wanted you to look like a slut; tomorrow I may want a librarian and sometime in the future I may need an astronaut. Don't ask why, just come up with the goods.'

She nodded, still unclear of what the job entailed, but desperate to get it anyway. She turned slightly, flaunting her figure in the side-laced mini dress and accentuating her long legs in the knee-high leather boots. He wanted a leather-clad tart, so that was what she gave him.

'Okay. My name is Simon Tomkins, but you may call me Sir. You are whoever I say you are. Come here.' She moved closer and allowed herself to be posed in ways that seemed significant to Mr Tomkins. When he pulled her hair, she winced and he seemed pleased.

'You're not shy are you?' He asked, scooping a breast from the top of her dress. 'Good, no suntan lines. Leave it like that and come here.' He sat on the leather settee and pulled her deftly over his lap. Her short skirt rode up, confirming she was completely devoid of underwear.

'Good girl.' His approval took a strange form, however, for he began to spank her exposed nates as though punishing her for some dreadful oversight. 'No knickers; dress and boots as instructed; no modest white patches to spoil the look and, so far, an obedient manner.' He increased the severity of his ministrations and a hand shot back to protect her beleaguered bottom.

'No. Please ...' she bleated, then checked herself.

'Please what?' He queried, his hand poised tantalisingly over her neat rear.

She forced herself to

relax across his knees. 'Please do anything you want,' she sighed. 'Please show me how to satisfy you, Sir,' she added ambiguously.

He raised her skirt higher and made sure that the mottled redness spread from the crease at the tops of her thighs to her waist. 'That's exactly what I intend to do.'

'Kneel,' he barked. So, with one breast exposed and her skirt hitched up to her waist, she knelt before him, anxiously awaiting his next order. As a single tear slipped down her cheek he told her to crawl.

The shoulder-straps of her dress and the boots hindered her progress, but she circled on her hinds and knees before him, receiving random slaps as she drew close. When she was finally allowed to stop and pull herself up on to the leather pouffe, she had to thrust out her bottom for inspection.

'You do want the job, don't you?' he asked as his hands roamed freely over the hot flesh.

'Yes. Very much.' Of course she wanted it; she had been unemployed for eight months and would consider virtually any thing.

'Just so long as we are both clear on that point. Perhaps you would like to see what I have in store for you now?'

She glanced back over her shoulder and gasped when she saw the pliant riding switch he was holding. 'Whatever you say,' she heard herself mutter.

'Stand up and remove the dress. Leave the boots, though; I like the look of them on you. Then bend over and stick out your bum.'

The leather tab was cool as he traced abstract patterns over the scorched skin of her buttocks.

It was almost soothing, but even the apparent caress held the threat of further pain.

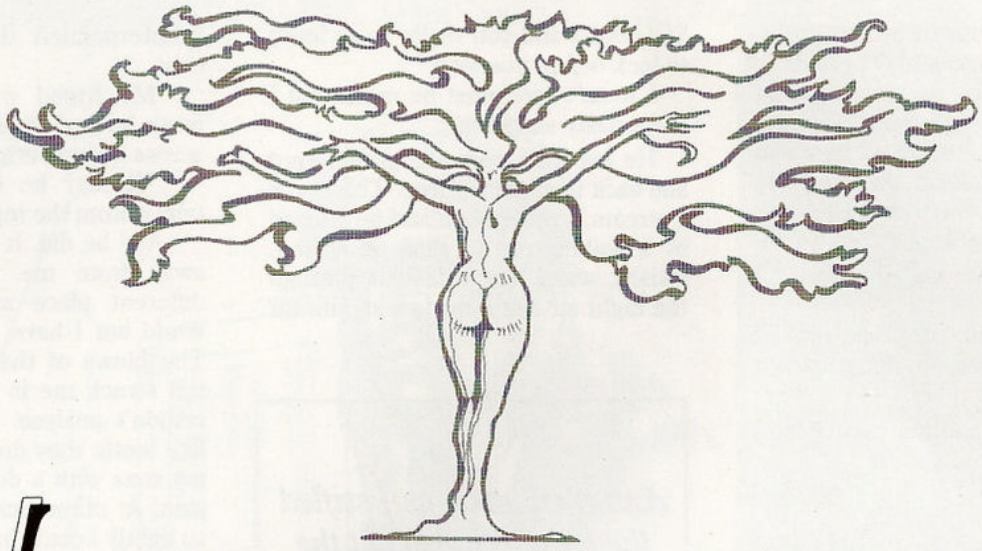
She heard its trajectory just ahead of feeling it sear

into her. 'Stand up,' he yelled and brought the whip down swiftly across the backs of her thighs as she did so. 'Bend. Stand. Bend ...' he ordered, bringing down the crop on a different site each time.

'Hold your hair up out of the way,' he told her. He flicked lightly at her breasts, belly, groin and thighs. His actions made the soft skin of these intimate parts sting, but she had to concede that he was not being unduly cruel. She pulled back her shoulders, emphasising her breasts, lengthening her torso. Her efforts to impress him were wasted, though,because he immediately told her to put her arms down at her sides. He lifted her full breasts with the length of the whip. 'Need some support don't they?' He sneered.

There was a pause. She stood motionless as he considered her elegant body with its tell-tale weals and blotches.

'Very well.' He said eventually. 'The job is yours. 'Report to my mother at nine in the morning. And wear something decent: this is a family store, not a knocking shop.'



The Faraway Tree

An Autobiographical Fragment
by Paula Meadows

When was it, I wondered, that I found my tree? My special tree. Long ago and far away. I must have been in my early twenties.

'The Story of O' came into it somewhere but I'm not sure where. A girl friend had given me Pauline Reage's book and I had read it and I was amazed at my own reaction to it. Mine, and that of so many other women too. I read it as fantasy. I had no belief that people actually explored pain in that fashion as a reality. But I remember my tree. It stood proudly in a clearing in a thickly wooded part of the heath a stone's throw from my flat.

It's roots were large and gnarly and they sank deep into the soil impregnated with compost. Shit and dung all the four letter realities I'd never been allowed to talk about at home or discuss at school. Its branches lifted upwards to embrace the sky and every twig was a fingertip pointing to the sun by day and the moon at night. We recognised each other at once, the tree and I. It was full of aspirations it didn't know how to fulfil, just like me. I had come to London to seek my fortune but I had no idea exactly how I was to accomplish that small thing. Sing, dance, act, I didn't know. If I didn't think of drawing and painting it was because I'd always done both and I didn't regard them as being talents at all.

AH, I hear you murmer, If the tree was in a clearing in a wood there must have been lots of other trees so what made that one so special? You're right, there were lots and lots of other trees but all they offered me was three miles of trunk before I could reach the branches and I am no use at climbing trunks. MY tree was not like that. Its thick branches started low down, It was a climbable, friendly tree. A foot on a protuberance a quick heave and I was up into the lowest fork and lying across it with my bare skin touching and revelling in the rough texture of the bark. I am not a tomboy by temperament and had no desire to beat the boys to the top. No desire to excel over the boys at all as a matter of fact.

I am sure there are things that women can do better than men can do them, but there are also things the men do better than we can and I let them do it quite happily. There is nothing in me which corresponds to the angry feminist chanting "Anything THEY can do we can do better." I have no interest in that sort of competition. I'd be bound to lose anyway if some idiotic government wanted to drag us all into a war I have no vision of myself as an Amazonian girl with a sten gun over my shoulder and a Colt in my belt. No way. I know myself too well. I'd either fire it with the safetycatch on, or forget I'd released it and shoot myself in the foot! Don't offer me the presidency of I. C. I. either. I wouldn't know or care what to do with it. I don't even walk through woods to visit my special tree on my own.

It was a warm summer twilight when my male friend and I were walking companionably across the heath and I found my tree in a clearing. The shadows were lengthening and the sky was a deep purple with a frosting of stars but I still remember the heat as being oppressive. I stopped and leaned against my tree, Beyond the footpath there stretched an open clearing.

"Do you know what I've always wanted to do, ever since I was a little girl?" I said.

My companion grunted rustily. "No," he said, "I'm not in the guessing game business. Until you tell me I've no idea what it is you've always wanted to do."

I've known him on and off for many years and he wasn't in the guessing game business. He was a classical musician and about fifteen years older than I. A blocky sort of man hovering towards middle age but in no hurry to get there.

"I wanted to find a lovely dark open space where I could take off all my clothes and run around feeling naughty."

"Well, do it!" he said promptly

"Oh I couldn't possibly" I cried.

"Why not? You're wearing that 'What would mother think' look on your face but since she isn't here and I'm not about to tell her, go ahead. No one will see you, You'll be a pale blur at a yard and invisible at two."

"There are men walking dogs." I said.

"Men who walk dogs" he replied equably "Don't see anything, except dogs.

I searched for another excuse but I knew I hadn't got any more.

"If it was me, I'd do it." he said and began to unbutton his shirt.

Thus challenged what could I do? I knew him. In half a minute he'd be stark naked on the footpath. One thing I did know that girls do better than men is strip. He was all right, my musician friend, but he was never going to be a runner up for Miss World. Nor was I, but I had done some modelling. I took off my blouse and stepped into the clearing. Bra, skirt, panties and shoes followed and I was away, running barefoot in the grass with the air swirling between my thighs in a breeze entirely of my own creating. It was lovely, "Wheeee" I squealed and I ran, and I danced and I leapt about like a mad dervish until I wanted to rest. I flung myself onto a grassy hummock and rolled over on my back and stared up at the stars.

A burly shadow loomed over me and my friend's deep voice said "Feeling better now?"

"Mmmm, yes," I said. "I feel naughty but freeeee."

"That's good," he said "And now, tell me. Do you remember behind which bush you put your clothes?" I shot bolt upright with shock. I stared around and started to panic. There seemed to be bushes everywhere. Hundreds and hundreds of them and I hadn't the faintest idea which one I'd used as my temporary wardrobe. Feverish visions of having to walk back to my house through the suburban streets began to give my imagination paranoia. Merciful heavens, I remembered, there was a large new police station at the corner of the street. We passed it on the way home every night. I could see dozens of Dixons of Dock Green pouring down the steps, waving notebooks and saying, "Wot's all this 'ere. Indecent 'hexposure in Richmond."

"You know where I put my clothes," I said to my friend,

"Oh yes. I know. The point is that YOU don't and you really must learn to look before you leap."

I wasn't sure what he meant but I had a nasty suspicion.

He led me across the greensward and back towards my tree. There was a stream, I remember, and he paused by a willow tree to snap off a long, swishy, wand. He wiffled it through the night air and it made a significant whistling sound. He tapped it thoughtfully against the side of his trousers. My blouse had been hung over a low branch as we reached the tree, a mute sign and token that he did indeed know where the rest of my clothes were hidden.

And then, even as I stifled the shriek, I also felt the afterglow. The pain was horrendous but the afterglow was radiating outwards and it counterpointed the pain almost at once.

"Face the tree! embrace it!" he commanded.

"Why? What are you going to do?" I asked warily. But I obeyed.

"Look before you leap Paula," he said grimly, "and learn the difference between made up fictional fantasy and a different but, I promise you, solid reality."

I felt the texture of the rough bark against my breasts and my belly.

"You can stop me at any time" he said, "But if you do you will have failed."

I gritted my teeth, determined not to fail.

A thin whistling sound and then white hot fire across by defenceless backside. "Wow!" I went right up on my toes with shock IT HURT! My goodness but it hurt. A yell came jumping up my throat and I changed my mind about being brave and stoical and all that stuff. And then, even as I stifled the shriek, I also felt the afterglow. The pain was horrendous but the afterglow was radiating outwards and it counterpointed the pain almost at once.

My friend was peering at the mark he had written in scarlet pain across my posterior.

"Ready? he said, "Right. We'll take it from the top of the page.'

And he did. It is long ago and far away from me now. I live in a different place and in a different world but I have never forgotten it. The blows of that damnable willow rod struck me in strange rhythms I couldn't analyse. They bit into me like teeth, they drove me right up on my toes with a desire to escape the pain. At other times they whispered so lightly I could hardly feel them, but at the moment I relaxed, thinking it was all over, they whammed through the air and hit me in a crescendo so fast the afterglow was killed before it had a chance to spread. My hands were dry and then wet with sweat as I clasped the tree. It hurt. Make no mistake about that. It always nurts. But something also builds and builds and builds. I was going up on an adrenalin high. I didn't know that I was what it was. Not then.

Suddenly when I knew I could take no more, he stepped back and dropped the willow wand.

"That's it," he said.

I put on my blouse and left him to carry the rest of my garments. I walked back to the house, all glowing and radiant with success, naked under my blouse, which was just long enough to cover the stinging weals on my bottom. Who would ever know?

"What was the rhythm you were using?" I asked.

He grinned his chunky grin. "You have just been thoroughly whipped to the percussive beat of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto" he said. "But only part of it. Next time we'll try the Warsaw Concerto and then the theme from The Glass Mountain. Do you begin to know what this all about Paula?"

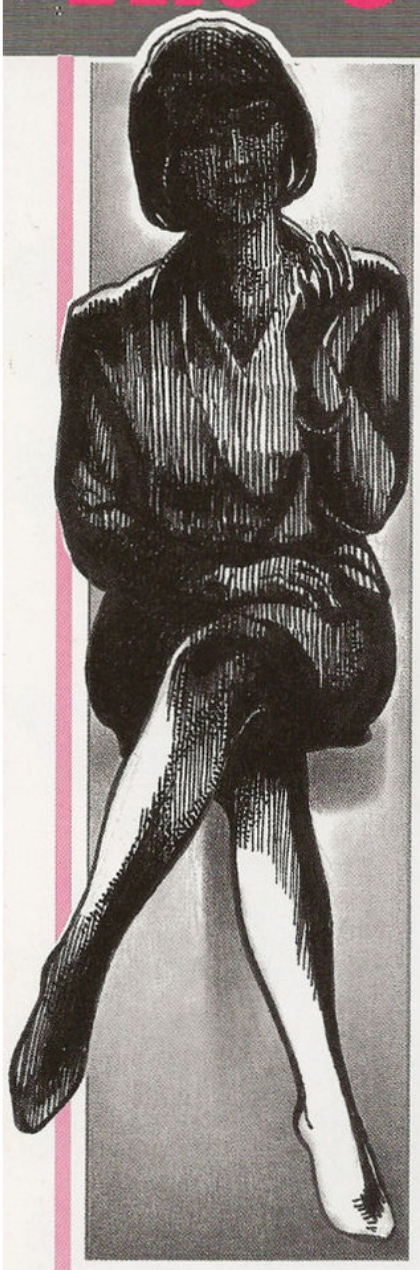
"Not yet," I said. "But I will. I will."

No, we never did try the Warsaw Concerto, or the Glass Mountain. Two days later he received a call to join a symphony orchestra up North. He went without a backward look. He never came back although I catch glimpses of him on the telly from time to time.

It was five years before I met the famous, or, if you prefer it, the infamous Dr. Murat. But I have written about that else where, have I not? □

Paula

The Confessional



I've always wanted to interview one of those people who place ads in contact magazines, to find out if they received any replies and, if so, what kind of people contacted them. I found an advertisement in a contact magazine offering punishment to naughty wives. I wrote to the person who had placed the ad, a Mr Peter Green and he agreed to be interviewed.

An Interview for FEBRUS conducted by Josephine Scott
(transcribed from tape)

JS How long have you been interested in spanking?

Mr Green As long as I can remember, actually. The school used the cane freely, I had it a couple of times, but didn't like it. It just hurt! So for a long time afterwards I thought people who spanked someone before taking them to bed were weird.

JS Did you know a lot of people who were into the scene?

Mr G Quite a few, if the conversations can be believed!

JS What happened then?

Mr G I started fantasising about cp. I kept it to myself for a while, it was quite a revelation.

JS I know the feeling.

Mr G It must be very difficult for you females.

JS Sometimes it is. You have to be sure of your man before you go asking outright. In fact, it's something you often can't do, you have to hedge around, drop hints, and hope he takes the bait. If he doesn't, he's not interested, and you either look for someone else, or stay frustrated!

Mr G I can't imagine you being frustrated.

JS Well, there have been times but we're not here to discuss my sex life. Mr Green, your advertisement offered chastisement for wives who were getting out of hand. Tell me, did you have any replies?

Mr G Please call me Peter. Mr Green sounds too formal for this kind of interview! Yes, I had replies, but not the ones I expected.

JS Are you going to disappoint me and not describe angry husbands dragging guilty looking wives through your door?

Mr G Yes I am, I'm sorry to say. It didn't work out like that at all.

JS Did you really expect it to?

Mr G I'm not sure. I thought it might be interesting to see what happened, which is why I entered the advertisement to. You never know what might happen.

JS As a matter of interest to our readers, what sort of implements do you have at hand, so to speak?

Mr G Well, there's a wooden backed hairbrush, a leather soled slipper, and a couple of very whippy canes. I intended to leave the choice to the husband.

JS And where do you position the wife to receive her treatment?

Mr G Ah, I have a very special padded stool I made myself actually.

JS I'd like to have a look at that later, I've heard of these things, but never seen one.

Mr G You can try it out, if you like, see how it feels.

JS Perhaps I won't look after all.

Mr G Why are you wriggling about like that?

JS Nothing. Back to the questions.

Mr G If you must.

JS That's why I'm here!

Mr G Yes of course, I'd forgotten!

JS I think you're laughing at me, but I'll ignore it for now. What sort of reaction did you get from your advertisement?

Mr G Mixed. Quite a few letters came in, some people are too scared to telephone, it seems. Some men wanted chastisement, men who couldn't find a woman. Some cranky ones, of course. I threw them out. Some obscene ones, those I kept to laugh over. And there were a couple of letters from ladies saying they weren't exactly wayward wives, but would like to visit, if I didn't mind.

JS And did you mind?

Mr G I think you've been watching too many television interviews. That's the sort of stupid thing they ask.

JS Of course it is . I'm sorry.

Mr G I'm storing these things up, in case you decide to change your mind about the stool.

JS I won't.

Mr G We'll see.

JS Did you have any phone calls?

Mr G I had one call from a gentleman wanting to know if I'd had an overwhelming response and needed a hand! One man telephoned saying his wife wanted to come.

JS Really? Did he explain?

Mr G Not on the telephone. I said they could come around that evening, which they did. Nice looking couple, a bit apprehensive when they arrived, a bit embarrassed too.

JS It isn't the easiest thing in the world to talk about.

Mr G Not unless you know the other person. I mean, we are sitting here discussing cp in front of the tape recorder as if we were old friends, but

we both read the magazines, you know I've put an advert in a contact magazine, we're on the same wavelength. This couple were unsure of themselves, and had never read a magazine, as far as I could make out.

JS How did they see the advertisement?

Mr G The wife brought the magazine in a moment of madness, as she described it! Anyway, it turned out that the husband had just found out his wife was turned on by spanking, but he was too scared to do it.

JS What happened?

Mr G The original intention was just to talk, to overcome inhibitions by discussion, but eventually she ended up over my stool while I handed out a few whacks with the hairbrush. Then I asked her husband if he'd like to try his hand with the leather slipper. Result, one well spanked lady, and a very happy couple.

JS It must have made you feel good, doing a favour like that.

Mr G Yes, it did. First time I've been able to help anyone. Yes, I enjoyed that session. She had a lovely behind.

JS What about the ladies that wrote to you?

Mr G I contacted both of them, Told them they could come round if they wished, False names, absolute confidence.

JS That takes more trust than I ever give, I think.

Mr G Depends on how frustrated you are. You were talking a while back about being frustrated. One of the girls was desperate for a good spanking. She'd never had one, never found a man interested in doing it, and magazines were only making things worse.

JS What happened when she visited?

Mr G I had a firm rule I'd never touch anyone. I intended always to stay back, to use the brush, slipper or cane. I didn't intend to come into physical contact with anyone. I broke my rule that night. Well, she was single, no jealous male to break my nose for me. I put her across my knee and spanked her with my hand until she cried for mercy.

JS What was her reaction afterwards?

Mr G Much the same as yours, only you've not been spanked yet! She squirmed around on the chair, too. Are you sure you're not getting excited?

JS Most certainly not!

Mr G Looks that way to me. Anyway, she professed herself well satisfied. She's been back since, incidentally and the bed was good afterward, too.

JS What about the other one?

Mr G It's my contention you're merely putting off the moment you'll confess an overwhelming desire to go over my restraint stool.

JS I'm not!

Mr G So I'll tell you about the other lady, and then you can look at it, all right? The other one turned out to be a middle aged lady who had a secret desire to be caned, but was too scared to ask anyone to do it. By advertising, you appear to endow yourself with some kind of professionalism, someone who wouldn't dream of asking a friend goes happily, well almost, to a complete stranger! Well, I am an expert, I've spanked and caned an awful lot of bottoms. Interested?

JV No.

Mr G You won't get a better offer. I give people exactly what we have agreed beforehand, and nothing more.

JS For example?

Mr G For example, this lady. She wanted a caning, hard enough to leave marks for a couple of days. Six of the best, were her words, but she wasn't sure whether she'd stay in place for them I knew I'd have to be especially careful with her. If my target moved around too much, the cane could catch her spine or thighs. One's dangerous, the other painful and not at all erotic.

JS So you gave her six of the best?

Mr G I placed her firmly over the stool and left her large white bottom almost begging for the cane! I took my swishiest cane and laid it across her cheeks six times. Each time she gave out a violent yell and begged me to stop, but six she asked for, six she got. When she got up afterwards, clutching tramlines with both hands, the look in her eyes was enough to tell me I'd made a good job of it! Come to think of it, she did a pretty good job on me afterwards, too.

JS You've not mentioned money. Do you charge?

Mr G If a man comes, I ask for a contribution towards the advertisement and phone call, but not the woman. Most men are working, and can afford a couple of pounds.

JS Woman work, too

Mr G Yes, but there's nowhere near the pleasure in caning a man as there is a woman.

JS Well, Mr Green, Peter, Thank you very much. I hope the readers will be interested in all you've had to say to me.

'By advertising, you appear to endow yourself with some kind of professionalism, someone who wouldn't dream of asking a friend goes happily, well almost, to a complete stranger!'

Mr G Are you going to leave without a look at my stool?

JS Just a quick look, then.

Mr G Stay there, I'll fetch it for you.

JS Oh, it looks comfortable.

Mr G It is comfortable. There's even padding for your knees. Look it's the perfect height to bend over, and these rungs here are for you to cling on to, when you're in place.

JS Well, like I said, thank very much.

Mr G Don't you have any unfulfilled desires? Most people who read cp magazines do.

JS Well, yes, I do, But -

Mr G Why don't you tell me about them?

JS I don't want to take up your time and -

Mr G Your tape appears to be about to run out, no one will know what we've talked about.

JS I suppose so. Alright. Yes, I've often fantasised about a man, a complete stranger giving me a good slippering before six of the best.

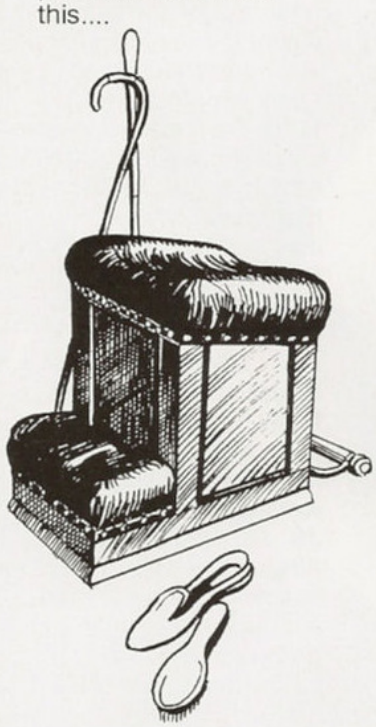
Mr G I guessed as much. It's why you chose me to interview isn't it? But what you're asking for could be pretty painful.

JS I know, that's why I'm not asking you to do it!

Mr G Maybe you're not asking, but look, we could compromise. It would be a shame for you to go home without trying the stool, and how about six with the

slipper, not too hard, just to - well, tenderise a little so you're pink enough for the cane to bite just that little bit more?
JS I'm not asking for the cane!

Mr G You said that was part of your fantasy. Don't you want to fulfil your fantasy?
JS Well.....
Mr G I never go beyond what is agreed, I told you that.
JS What do I have to lose?
Mr G Nothing, and you'll gain six neat lines, I promise.
JS All right, I will.
Mr G Just lay down over the stool like that - oh these are nice, I'll just pull them down like this....



(The rest of the tape was an untranscribable set of noises, remarkably like someone being slippered and then caned. The tape came by post, without a letter, and I have yet to find out whether Josephine knew the tape hadn't stopped, or whether she intended me to find out..... I have included a sketch of the whipping stool as I imagined it.
Paula)

Mother-in-Law's Tongue

by Julie Holmes

I AM ASHAMED TO SAY I WAS JEALOUS I was jealous because my attractive twenty two year old daughter had a handsome young husband who seemed to be able to roger her ragged night after night and keep a sparkle in her eye that had once been in mine but had been absent a long while.

When they first wanted to get married, I had reservations. Both in their early twenties and with good jobs, there was no reason why they should not get hitched, but there was no need to rush into it either. Still, they had their modest ceremony and took over the top two rooms in my house. They could have afforded a mortgage, but they wanted to save enough to give up work after a year and travel around the world in a camper van. I admired their energy.

We led separate lives apart from passing on the stairs and having Sunday dinner together. But every night I lay in bed, listening to the creaking furniture and my daughter's gasps and shrieks as her husband pleasured her. My daughter's good-looking, virile husband with his clean fingernails, blue eyes and gentle smile.

I cannot remember when I first realised how attracted I was to Alan: I suppose I had been able to deny it before he moved in. All I knew was that my golden-haired daughter had found a perfect male counterpart and my feelings for him were nothing like maternal.

Three weeks ago, it became unbearable. Above me, the sounds had just begun and the radio refused to drown them out. There were creaks from the bed, then some muffled giggles,footsteps crossing the floor above me was Alan undressing? I imagined him without his clothes, approaching an expectant Tina. I could see the love and trust on Tina's face, the compassionate lust on his. Ludicrous, degrading to want him this way, hankering after a married man young enough to be my son and married to my own daughter. I was just glad Tina had no idea of my lascivious thoughts.

The sounds continued. Deep baritone grunts, high-pitched mewlings, mingled groans. The squeak of ancient wooden joists, growing faster, punctuated by sharp intakes of breath finally expelled in the repeated chant, 'Alan, Alan, No, Please, Alan, Alan, oh, yes...'.

Alan, Alan. No. Please. Yes. All the words that went through my mind every time I saw him. I hadread about older women seducing their daughters'boyfriends or husbands and had been repelled at the thought of them. I imagined overweight, blowsy bleached blondes smelling of face powder and yesterday's deodorant; nothing like me. Yet here I was, harbouring thoughts of seducing my Tina's Alan.

No matter how wrong I knew it to be, I had to have Alan for myself, at least once. It was my right, my destiny. I spent my days fantasising about him, my evenings hovering near the door so I could "accidentally" run into him and at night - at night I went to bed early so that I could eavesdrop on their passion.

I became devious. I sent Tina on errands to keep her away until after Alan came home. Naturally, I was contrite at the inconvenience I had caused and felt obliged to invite him to my sitting room for a drink while we awaited her return. Another time, I knew he was going to have a shower and "just happened" to be cleaning the bathroom when he walked in clad only in an inadequate towel. I always dressed smartly - no more slippers or aprons - and my make-up was perfect, whatever the time of day. Just in case.

Then two days ago, Tina came home from work in a foul mood, thumped upstairs and, from the sound of it, threw herself on the bed and stayed

there until Alan came in. Then all hell broke loose.

Apparently Tina suspected Alan of doing something behind her back and he was denying it, but I had no idea what the heinous crime was. Infidelity? Unemployment? Fancying her mother - no, surely not?

Footsteps stamped downstairs and out the front door. I went to the hallway and after a few minutes Alan came down, looking sheepish.

'I suppose you heard all that, Alma?'

'Well, I could hardly miss it,' I responded, 'but I have no idea what it was about. Where has she gone?'

'I don't know. She said as she couldn't go home to mother, she'd have go to a friend's house, but I don't know which friend she was aiming for.'

He looked genuinely confused, but I sensed that he knew full well what he had done to upset Tina. Even as I invited him in to talk about it, my mind was racing ahead with the thought that Tina was planning to be away at least overnight and this was my big chance. I sat him down with a large whiskey and prepared to listen.

'You know this trip we've been saving up for?' he began, 'Well, I've been offered the chance to study for a year to get a further qualification. It'll be really useful for getting promotion or even changing direction within the industry in the future. The trouble is, I have to agree to stay with the company for at least eighteen months after the course. It means we can't set off for about three years. I was going to take her away for the week-end to talk it over, but she ran into someone from my office and they let the cat out of the bag and now Tina thinks I'm not committed to going abroad with her and that I've set this up deliberately...' He paused to pour himself another drink. I did the same, but this time I joined him on the sofa.

"The trouble is, the offer's just too good to turn down. The diploma will really open doors for me long-tem, but Tina won't see it that way; she thinks I'm putting my career before our marriage.'

I sighed, and patted his hand. 'Look,' I told him. 'Tina's not used to disappointments and she doesn't handle them well. Give her a couple of days and she'll come back prepared to listen. I'm sure she'll see sense. After all, even in three years' time, you'll still only be in your twenties, you'll have more money saved and both of you will have good employment records to help you get re-established when you come back.'

I edged a little closer, my hand now on his knee.

'I know your relationship is strong. It will survive the odd upset. Tina won't walk out on it for the sake of deferring a trip for a couple of years. Just give her time to calm down.'

He looked at my hand as if seeing it there for the first time. I had to make my move, or the opportunity might be lost forever.

'And I'll understand,' I told him, 'if you feel you'd rather move out and get your own place. Naturally, I'm happy for you to stay if you want to, but I think you should talk about it with Tina.'

If they moved out, I reasoned, he could come and visit me. As a student, he would have free periods on his timetable ... my mind was racing ahead. One quickie was all I had dared hope for, and now I was contemplating a three-year affair!

Alan looked me steadily in the eye. 'Alma, you've been very good to us and I think we all get along pretty well. But I see what you mean, there may be tensions if Tina and I live here too long. I'll think about it.' He rose, but seemed reluctant to leave. 'It's probably best to let her cool off, but it will seem funny being on my own upstairs tonight.' Was that an invitation? I had to make my move.

'I know you make Tina very happy,' I began. 'You're going to think this is awful of me, but sometimes I can hear you ...' My hand was once more on his thigh, my body turned towards him. He had to either leave quickly or acknowledge what I was certain was mutual desire. His blue eyes looked curiously at me.

'So you hear us at night do you? I suppose it's obvious what we're doing?'

'Well, I have been young and married myself, you know,' I laughed. 'I didn't mean to embarrass you, it's just that sometimes, well, you sound as though you're having so much fun and ...'

He interrupted me as I searched for the right words. 'Do you feel left out? Is that it, Alma, do you want what Tina gets?' He was earnest, and definitely not joking. His intensity was almost frightening.

'Well, Alan, I mean, you're my son-in-law,' I was stammering, out of my depth now what I had fantasised about was really within my grasp. 'Tina ...'

I spent my days fantasising about him, my evenings hovering near the door so I could "accidentally" run into him and at night - at night I went to bed early so that I could eavesdrop on their passion.

'Tina walked out on me tonight. I know she'll be back, but she's not here right now and you are. We both know what we want and what we're doing, don't we?' I nodded. 'Fine. Stand up.'

His immediate mastery of the situation surprised me. I almost changed my mind, but I knew if I did there would never be a second chance. I stood, holding in my tummy, thrusting out my bosom, drawing myself up as tall and straight as I could. I wanted him to like what he saw.

'Undress.' Well, he certainly didn't believe in long seduction scenes! I pulled down the zip of my skirt provocatively, but when I glanced at him he was fiddling with the curtains. It was disconcerting to be ignored while I prepared for love-making and I paused to watch him remove the heavy silk braids that tied back the curtains during the day. He turned to face me.

'What, still not ready? That must merit an extra three.' Extra three? Three what? How virile was this young stud? 'Come on, I'll give you a hand.'

Abruptly, he wrenched off my clothing, letting it fall in a heap around us, totally ignoring the sexy lingerie I had taken to wearing for just such a moment as this. I wondered if he was this rough with Tina and, if so, whether she liked it. Did she have much experience of men or was this all she knew? I trembled, but curiosity kept me rooted to the spot. At least now he was running his hands appreciatively over my naked body. This was more what I had expected confident caresses that made me shiver and press forward for more but when I reached out to return the compliment, he pushed my hands sharply away.

'Kneel on the sofa,' he commanded. And I hastened to obey. I

knelt on the soft, sagging cushions, facing away from him, my breasts resting on the curved back, my hands supporting my weight. I thrust out my bottom and parted my thighs so he would know I had no inhibitions about the position he obviously preferred. It worried me slightly that it was not a particularly flattering pose for a woman of my age and proportions, but I hoped passion would blur his vision.

'Very nice,' he said, squeezing my buttocks as though choosing a piece of fruit.

And then it happened. Not the intimate embrace I had expected, but a soft slash across both bottom-cheeks, quickly followed by two more. As I turned in surprise to see what was happening, Alan remarked, 'Well, that's the three for tardiness, now let's get down to serious business!'

He was wielding the curtain cord, bringing it down hard and fast across my buttocks. Shock prevented me from moving as the silk rope rained down, nipping rather than biting, but still stinging deeply. I thought it must be a joke, but Alan wasn't laughing and I was not sure I found it amusing. It certainly bore no resemblance to the kind of foreplay I was used to and I had no idea how I was meant to respond.

Again, he kneaded me roughly, massaging the heat deeper into my buttocksmaking me squirm with discomfort and embarrassment: and just a trace of arousal.

Okay,' he barked, 'stand up and give me a twirl.'

I stood awkwardly, aware of the contrast I must present to Tina's trim form. I have a good figure for my age, but it is the body of a well preserved matron, not a nubile young woman. My breasts are heavy with large, dark nipples and although they don't sag, they don't point skywards, either. My hips are full and look good in tight skirts, but nudity shows the softness and creases brought on by time. I folded my hands over my groin: I know younger women have taken to shaving or waxing that area and I was embarrassed by my full bush.

'I said give me a twirl.' Alan said coldly. 'Put your hands on your head and turn round slowly. I did as he said, consoling myself with the thought that at least this position would flatter my bust, even if it did reveal my other intimate area. As I turned, I caught sight of myself in the mirror over the fireplace: I looked like a tacky 'Readers Wives' entry in a men's magazine.

'Fine. Now let's get down to serious business. Stand at the end of the sofa and bend over the arm.' I stared at him. Was there to be more of this degrading treatment? Was he punishing me for trying to seduce him? I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came.

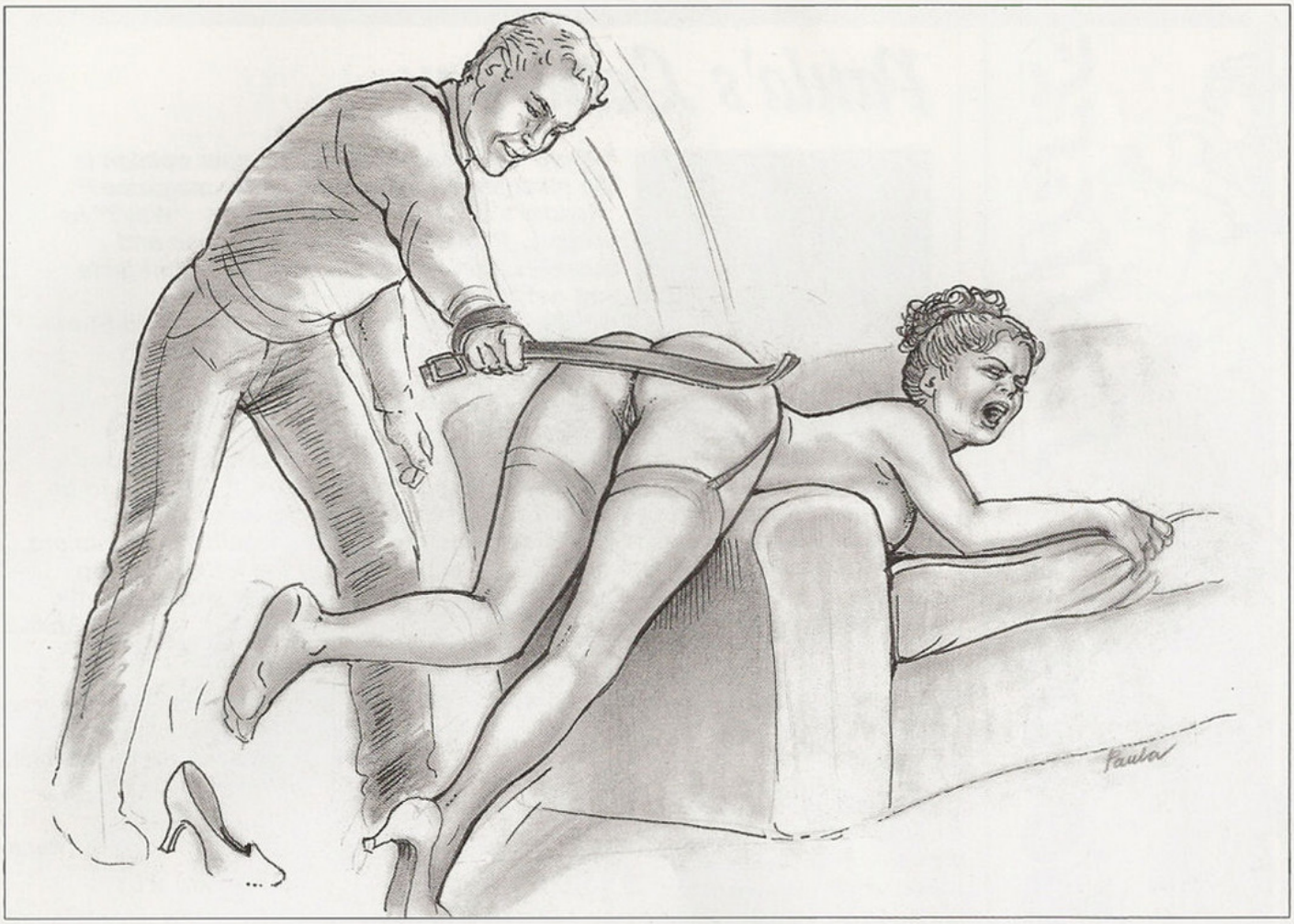
'What's up, Alma? You're not satisfied already are you? Tina takes a lot more than that and you wouldn't want to disappoint me would you? I've waited a long time for this opportunity and I believe you have too. Now get bent over or I'll have to go and look for Tina: I'm in the mood now.

I draped myself over the low sofa-arm, my mind reeling. So this was what I had heard going on above me: not the passionate clinches I had imagined, but my daughter being spanked by this young pervert. It was totally beyond my experience and I had no idea how to react.

There was a slithering sound, but I resolved not to look round. The position was uncomfortable and exposed my defects cruelly. I decided to take whatever he wanted to dish out - as Alan said, I should be able to take anything Tina could - then I would tell him I wanted them both out of the house by the end of the week.

Hissing, then a loud retort as something heavy and hot crashed into, me. I gasped, my knees sagged and the sofa creaked beneath-me. I breathed out with a groan, just as another blow landed. I worked out that he was using his belt, luckily not the end with the buckle. I found it incomprehensible that Tina took this regularly and willingly. I recalled her voice, the hesitant but growing acceptance, the cries of pleasure and fulfilment. What was wrong with her?

The belt lashed down again; he was a strong man and he was not



holding back. I crouched low, pulling back on the sofa, resisting the urge to touch my bottom. I heard myself growling and Alan breathing heavily.

The toe of his shoe was cold against my burning backside as he levered me up. 'Come on, resume the position as the
saying goes, or I'll have to add a few more. At the moment, I'm planning on another six, but I'll happily make it a dozen or so if that's what it takes."I can't Alan. Alan, I can't. Please ...' but he was pulling on my arm to get me back the way he wanted.

'You can, Alma, and you will. Now, count aloud as each one lands, and if you miss one, you'll get an extra two in its place. Ready?'

'ONE!' It came down fast and hard, across the crease at the top of my thighs. My right foot raised itself up to ease the pain, but before it could have any effect, I heard the belt coming down again.

'TWO!' My knees snapped straight, and I rocked back and forth, making the ancient sofa creak. I recognised the rhythm from the sounds I had heard coming from Tina's rooms. I sensed him step back, and tensed for the next blow.

'Alan, Alan, no, please no,' I wailed as the leather tongue licked me diagonally from the top of my right hip across the cleft of my buttocks almost to my left thigh.

'Naughty Alma! That's two more you'll have to take to reinforce the lesson,' he mocked and proceeded to bring the strap down on almost exactly the same track twice in quick succession. Each time I quickly called out the number three, twisting and writhing under the impact.

Four and five mirrored the route of that dreadful third stripe and I counted them aloud, slumping forward and whinnying pitifully. Alan waited patiently for me to stand up again the way he wanted and I found myself absurdly anxious to impress him. I straightened my legs and placed my hands palm downwards on the cushions.

'I knew you wanted it,' Alan taunted. 'Ask me nicely for the last lash or I shan't give it to you.'

'Please, Alan. Please hit me with your belt one last time,' I begged.

'Louder. Sound more convincing.'

'Alan.' I shrieked, just as I had heard my daughter do. 'Alan, please, Alan, please, please ... YES! SIX!' I remembered just in time to call out the number of that final strike. It curled around the base of my bottom as though trying to melt into my flesh. I was sobbing and laughing, my dishevelled hair clinging to my tear streaked face.

'Now stand up with your hands on your head and turn around slowly. Look at yourself. See the changes I've brought about.'

I moved in a slow circle, watching myself as directed. There was this strange mixture of physical satisfaction and emotional shame as I observed my blotched face, the fleshy curves and reddened backside with its mauve and purple bands rising up even as I watched. I turned once, and again, and again, until dizziness threatened and Alan said I could stop.

'Not bad,' he said grudgingly. 'Tina used to slouch like you, but her deportment's improved since I started disciplining her. I could do the same for you, Alma, but I think Tina and I should move out first. As soon as possible I think, don't you? Then we can make a regular
arrangement. What do you say?'

Well, what, could I say? I twisted around to admire my burning rump once more.

'Oh, yes, Alan. Yes, please.' □

Paula's Letterbox

"What" said the publisher, "in your opinion is the most important section in our magazine?". "Reader's Letters" I said promptly. "Why?" he probed. Publishers are business men and business men always probe. They want facts and not theories. "John Lewis," I said, waving my hands vaguely towards Oxford Street, (with my sense of direction I was probably indicating Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square!) "said that the most important department in his store was the complaints department because it showed him what they were doing wrong. In a magazine it is the readers letters." It is nice to be praised, of course but I also need to know that's wrong, and to have suggestions as to new ideas and subjects the reader's would like to explore, even if I wouldn't have thought of it myself. So, keep the letters coming dear readers.. What you like, what you don't like and what improvements we can make.

Paula

Bare-backed back-handers back-stage

Dear Paula
On New Year's Eve, I went to a posh dance and buffet, which threatened to be dreary but turned out to be a lot more enjoyable than I had first anticipated.

The dance was a bit slow getting started. By nine-thirty there were only thirty people in the Regent Hall and I was considering wandering into the British Legion, just next door.

My lady friend was there with her husband, who didn't move from his chair all night, so I had a few turns round the floor with her, and whispered that my spanking hand was getting out of practice.

She said that I would have to lift her dinner gown over her head.

'We both knew it was dangerous, BUT ?

The band chosen for the evening was splendid. Four quite elderly chaps, on bass, saxophone, piano and trumpet, and they had set themselves up, not on the stage, but on dance floor level, and the music blared out in just the right volume. Then the evening was virtually saved because a group of local 'hob-nobs' decided to gate-crash from one of the other dances.

From the bar there is a passage way that goes along the back of the stage and dressing rooms and it was not difficult for us two to slip out of sight for a bit.

My erotic friend held her dress up as we got right onto the stages which had all three thick curtains down in place,, The chap on the saxophone began playing 'Stardust' including the verse, quite beautifully and we were only yards away from the sound... but totally hidden.

The sight of a shapely female bare bottom will always bring my heart in my mouth, and over a vaulting horse, it is poetry to behold.

I smacked to the beat of the music and even in the gloom I could see her wonderful cheeks colouring up. Sensibly, she had put her hankie into her mouth, and it was most enjoyable, but it would not do to over do it. We regained our places without mishaps.

At midnight there was the usual mad jostling and total strangers kissing all and sundry.

A Chinese girl who is new here and, works in the chemists, hung on very enjoyably. I noted her shapely bottom for future reference,

B.S.
Horley

Popularity of C.P.

Australian schools do a lot of sailing. A schoolmaster friend of mine retired, but was asked to continue as sailing instructor. This involved taking charge of regatta entries just after the ends of terms. He never made any bones about his disciplinary methods with these 17-year olds: shorts down, bend over, anything between one, and six of the best with a cane, in camp or harbour. It was a great success.

They won his first regatta, and the next season he had twice as many volunteers and a second boat. They both won. I asked if he used the cane often. It varied, he said, but enthusiasm grew. He had three crews in the next regatta and then four. That meant more bottoms. At that stage, one or two a day, perhaps. Last year he had five crews and had to turn some away.

"Did they know what to expect?" I asked him.

"Oh yes. No doubt of that. Everyone in the school knew.

They usually bent over in front of their mates"

Outsiders often asked how he made such a success of it.

"I couldn't very well say 'by caning their asses off could I?"

Apparently interest in watermanship grew steadily with the use the cane.

I have not been able to cross-check all this but it seemed genuine enough.

What is the conclusion? Is there at bottom (if you see what I mean) a deeper seated demand than we suppose?

CAB
London

U.S. MAIL

Hello Paula!

I was a collector of Janus until the dark age of Thatcherism. During the eighties I was able to travel to London once or twice a year and through Janus I had hoped to have the privilege of meeting you sometime. I have two of your videos, of which Ride a Tiger was very much my favorite.

The "Scene" has gone through several changes in the USA as with the rest of the world. The club scene because of economics, drugs and right wing religious fundamentalism is somewhat now diminished from its prime in the late seventies and eighties.

I noted sometime ago when you visited Paddles in NYC you commented you were shocked at the dingy basement surroundings.The answer is economics of the very high rent of NYC. Club 0 (excellent), the Castle and Chateau 17 disappeared because of economics. Some of the West Hollywood clubs are not as viable as they once were.

However there is a good side to all of this.

What's in a name ?

The Lupercalia was a Roman festival held on February 15 in honour of the God Pan.

It was usual on the occasion to sacrifice two goats and a dog, and to touch with a bloody knife the foreheads of two illustrious youths.

The blood was then wiped away with softwool dipped in milk.

After this the skins of the goats and the dog were cut into thongs with which whips, called **FEBRUA,** were made for the youths, who then ran through the streets and whipped freely all those whom they met on the way.

Women in particular were fond of receiving lashes from them on these occasions, superstitiously believing that they removed barrenness, and eased the pain of childbirth.

The youths were naked because Pan was always represented in this way, and a goat was sacrificed because Pan was supposed to have the same sort of feet.

The name of the festival seems to have been taken from the Greek name of Pan, 'Lyceus', 'a wolf'. The priests who officiated at the Lupercalia were called Luperci.

Augustus forbade anyone above the age of fourteen to appear naked, or to run about the streets during the Lupercalia.

Cicero, in his Philippics, reproached Anthony for having disgraced the dignity of the Consulship by running naked through the town, armed with a whip.

In Ovid's Fasti, there is reference to the rites of the Lupercalia, when a soothsayer,under instruction from Juno (surnamed, at this festival, Februa), kills a goat and '...the women, as was willed.

To the goat-thong lashes their bare backs did yield.

Ten times the moon her waned light did gather,

The wife's a mother, and the man a father.'

These days we have ways of preventing this particular consequence of ritual flagellation, nor is there any need for any preliminary sacrifice ... but the excitement still enthralls.

The Scene is maturing and a large network of private people is building up. Shadow Lane is leading the movement on the west coast with the newsletter Stand Corrected and Alexis on the east coast with OTK newsletter. OTK had a large party in the spring and Shadow Lane had a Halloween party in Oct that I was able to attend.

Many people are in touch via computer bulletin boards. The second outcome of all of this is that it follows the views of Josephine Ventnor of mature people, communicating and creating their own scene of their own free will.

This is infinitely more satisfying than the school girl theme of old.

I enjoy the Doma Club as favorite spot and I was able to visit the El Chalet in Spain in 1990 and had a very good time.

I have never made any significant contacts in London as yet.

C.R.
USA.

Green Fingers, Red Bottom

Some time ago I engaged a lady gardener to come and tidy up my place on one morning a week at a rate of £5 an hour. Betty, as I will call her, is 25, not very tall with a good figure, fair hair (which she ties in a pony tail when she is working) and very blue eyes. She lives with her boy friend in a cottage not far away, which is one of the reasons why she likes working for me. She is quite a good gardener, if rather slow -although perhaps 'too painstaking' would be a fairer description. In addition to physical attraction she has a pleasing personality and is easy to get on with. We usually have a chat when she is here, either when I pay her or when she comes into the house for her 'elevenses'.

One morning recently I went out to pay Betty and found her seeding the rose garden. Her back was turned and she was bending over, with her jeans stretched tight over her bottom and revealing where her briefs ended. It was a charming spectacle and I stopped to admire it. While I was still doing so she must have heard me, or sensed my presence; she stood up and turned towards me, looking slightly flustered.

'Oh, it's you,' she said, brushing the hair from her eyes.

'Sorry,did I frighten you?'

'Oh, no. I heard you. I just wanted to finish this bit.'

'It's all right, I was enjoying myself.'

'0h.' She blushed, and looked embarrassed

'I was admiring the back view. You've got such a nice bottom.'

By this time she'd recovered her poise and looked at me coolly without smiling. I guessed she was used to dealing with tiresome admirers and probably classed me as a d.o.m. I am, in fact , old enough to be her father, if not her grandfather.

'Do you think so?'

'Oh, yes. Doesn't everybody? I'm sure your boy friend does.'

At this she smiled for the first time. 'Yes, he does rather like it,' she admitted.
'And likes to spank it, I bet.'

She gave me another cool look and I could see what she was thinking: so he's into that, is he; I might have guessed it.
'I don't know,' she answered, 'he's never asked to'
'Would you like him to?'

This time she hesitated before replying. 'I don't know,' she said, 'I've never tried it.'

'A lot of girls do like it,' I said. 'Perhaps you would too.' She looked at me calmly again before answering. I was pleased and relieved by her reaction. I had broached my favourite subject and not been rebuffed. How times have changed, I thought. Twenty years ago, even ten, a girl with Betty's background conventional middle class, privately educated would have been, if not shocked, put off by my approach and regarded me as a pervert. It seems the world has got round that, the desire to chastise a female bottom is quite normal in the male.

'I suppose you'd like to do it to me,' she said.
'No marks for guessing right.'
'Well, I'm afraid I can't oblige.'
'Shouldn't one try any drink once?'
'Not that one'.
'Why not?'

'Because I can't see anything in, it for me.'

She turned away as though to resume her weeding.

'I'd make it worth your while,' I said. I knew she was hard up; there was little work going for her and her boy friend had just lost his job. She turned towards me again. 'How do you mean?' She asked
'Well you do me a favour and I repay it -financially.'
'But that would make me a prostitute,' she exclaimed indignantly.
'Nonsense. Suppose I took you out to dinner and spent fifty pounds on it, would that make you a prostitute?
'But I would enjoy that.'
'I would still be paying for the pleasure of your company, as I'd be paying for the pleasure of spanking you. What's the difference?'

She had no answer and I could see she was thinking it over. Feeling victory within my grasp I exulted internally. Betty

was looking more relaxed.
'Well, what's the deal?' she said.
'It will be piece work rates. Say two pounds a crack - with a cane, of course.'

Betty looked startled. 'A cane?' She said, 'but that could hurt. I thought we were talking about spanking.'
'I don't go for it. I have a tender palm; it would hurt me as much as you.'
'It's not very much - for that.'
'Five times two is ten, so you could earn as much in five minutes as you do in two hours.'

Now that we were down to brass tacks, I would have been prepared to raise my bid, but for the thought that it would make me appear too keen and this might frighten her off. For all she knew I could be a sex maniac.

Also if she agreed to it once, she would probably agree to it again, and I might find my pleasure becoming rather expensive. She put on a weary expression and I knew I had won.
'Well, when do you want to do it?'
'Come to the house when you've finished work,' I said, and walked away. This gave me two hours to prepare myself; two hours of pleasurable anticipation for me and of anything but pleasurable anticipation for her.

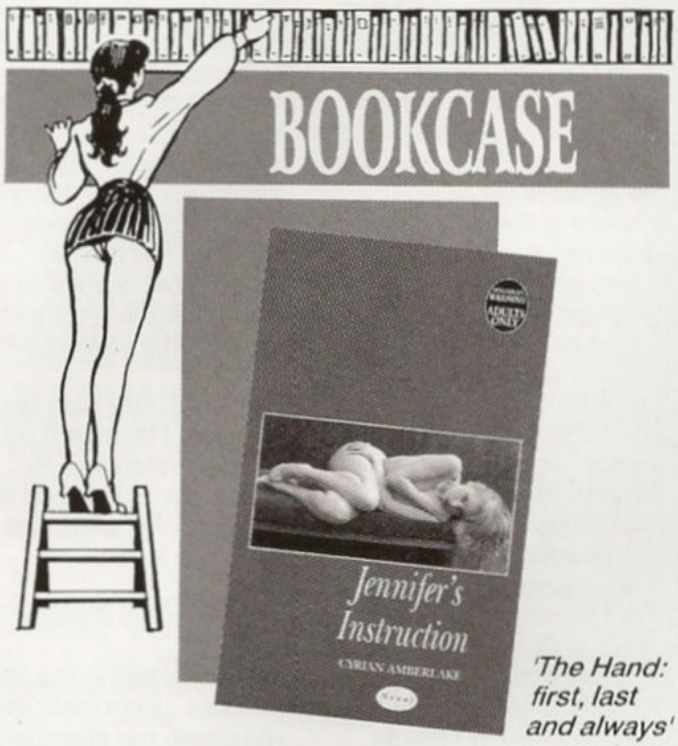
In fact I enjoyed the thought of what she must be thinking as she carried on weeding the rose garden. Wishing perhaps that she was wearing a thicker pair of knickers!

To cool my impatience and steady my nerves I occupied myself writing letters until just before lunch time, when I heard Betty's knock on my front door. She was looking distinctly nervous but managed a smile, as I greeted her with mine.

As the rooms in my house are all on the small side and encumbered by furniture, with not room to swing a cat, let alone a cane, I had decided to use the hay loft over the stable for Betty's caning.

Besides being spacious it was safe from interruption in case anyone happened to call at the house. As I led the way I explained these advantages to Betty and she nodded her head in comprehension, in a way that made me feel we were already accomplices in the act I was about to perform.

Arriving in the loft I got



'The Hand: first, last and always'

Jennifer's Instruction, Cyrian Amberlake's latest novel, to be published in April by Nexus is more light hearted than his earlier Domino volumes, but still makes enjoyable reading during the duller parts of the day. Jennifer is persuaded by the Professor to write some account of her thoughts on Discipline and the Modem Woman. 'If I am honest, I must admit I have sometimes wished I had been given some discipline ...' Rash, masochistic girl, she is allowed to visit the Professor and his wife for a day's Initiation. She is allowed to write out the Prospectus: Inspection, Examination, and Punishment by a series of Devices, stopping short of the cane, which was reserved for Initiates. She lists the Areas involved, Bottom, Thighs (back and front), and the Positions involved, over the Knee, Chairback, Desk, and Couch with Knees Up. Bare bottomed, of course, and latterly naked; painful, of course, and erotically exciting throughout - her dampness having to be mopped before and after each section of the course.

The Hand is the prime Device, but we, or rather, Jennifer is treated at length to the effects of the Ruler, the Hairbrush, the Slipper and the Strap. As to the positions so willingly adopted, The Ultimate is nicely described:

I rolled wearily onto my back, lifting my aching legs clear of the couch and higher. I spread them, bending my knees and raising them up, curling my back until my knees squashed my breasts against my ribs.... "It is an excellent Position for boys as well as girls," said the Professor, slipping the strap between his fingers, squeezing and rubbing at the leather here and there with his thumb. "The genitals are menaced, you see, whatever their particular construction. That adds salt." and in a dozen pages or so we are treated to the final stage of Jennifer's Initiation, the strap working across, between, along her bottom and wide-spread thighs until the 'McTannery Tartan' was complete. There remained just fifty penalty strokes with strap and hairbrush, taking in all those parts that had been previously threatened, and the Initiation was complete.

All that remained was for our moist martyr to offer herself as housemaid, for which *'the training will have to be thorough — very thorough indeed'.* Until some description of this more severe part of her service is offered us by Mr Amberlake, our gentle readers might use this first volume as a Handbook for training their own Initiates, perhaps following exactly in the Professor's steps, even if taking more than a single afternoon to work through the full sequence.

One might add that there are still points for the earnest student to note, and himself experiment upon - for instance that plastic rulers sting more than wooden ones, yet leave much lighter marks; that girls whose legs have been slapped should then be made to stand still for a quarter of an hour so that the blood remains in the area, stiffening the tissues and making them painful to move; and that orgasm is better than smoothing butter on the bottom as a means of reducing the pain therein.

David Harrison

out two bales of hay, placed one on top of the other and a third alongside. Then I ordered Betty to kneel on this one, bend over, and support her torso on the higher one. She took up the position and leaned forward until her jeans were stretched tight over her bum, making what we called at school a 'tight arse'.

I had armed myself with two canes and was still undecided which to use. One was the branch of a vine which I had cut off when in Italy. It was about three feet long, tapering in diameter to 1/4 inch at the tip, and very whippy. There had been protuberances on it which could have done harm if applied to unprotected skin, but I had smoothed them off; anyhow Betty wasn't getting it on her bare bottom - yet!

The other implement was a bamboo of the kind used for staking tomato plants, which I had found in my greenhouse. It was slightly longer and also thicker than the vine branch, but not quite so flexible. I decided to try the vine first.

In my time I have administered not a few canings to members of both sexes, but on this occasion I was long out of practice and did not make a good start. I had swung the instrument with moderate force, but it landed high up on Betty's backside and glanced off across her back. She must have smiled. I was furious with myself for making such a hash of it, two quid up the spout and only four more chances. I suppose I was too excited and in too much of a hurry. When I was learning to play golf I was told to raise the club slowly before bringing it down fast to hit the ball. But wasn't the sight of pretty Betty bending over, and presenting her delectable derriere in the most provocative posture imaginable enough to put anyone off his stroke? I decided for the rest to take my time. I raised the cane again, held it for a moment, then swung it on to

the target. This time it landed well and truly, with a satisfactory THWACK.

Betty emitted a loud 'ough!' Turned her head, and clutched with one hand at her bottom.
'That hurt' she protested.
'It was meant to,' I said. 'You've earned four pounds.'

In most of accounts of caning that one reads it is claimed that the strokes, evenly spaced apart, cover the whole surface of the girl's bottom, from the 'upper stretches' to quote one, through the 'crown of the buttocks', down to the 'softer zone just above the crease where the cheeks join the thighs.' I suspect that such descriptions are the fruit of imagination rather than experience. Even in the photos we used to enjoy before censorship intervened, when the caning was presumably performed by an expert, the marks shown on the naked model seldom followed any pattern. There would be one or two dark stripes more or less parallel to each other, others at a slant or crisscrossing, or fading into a vague smudge. Moreover it was always the right buttock that carried the most marks, and this is inevitable if the wielder of the cane, or other implement, is right-handed.

To return to Betty my aiming might have been better had her bottom been bared. The imprint left on it by one lash would then have provided a 'guide-line' for the next.

In the old days, when corporal punishment was the rule in every school, a master would cover his cane with chalk, which would leave its trace on the trousers bottom of the boy under punishment. I should have done this with Betty, but I hadn't thought of it; anyhow I had no chalk in the house. I still had three shots in my locker and I was determined to make the most of them. But I was in a bit of a quandary. I wished to inflict pain on Betty's bottom - otherwise there would be no pleasure in it for me - but not so much as to deter her from repeating the experience. For I reckoned that once she'd got used to our arrangement, she would come back for more.

I decided to try the other tool and picked up the bamboo. As an instrument of correction it was no stranger to me. I had once broken one on the bottom of a cheeky young secretary, as she bent over the desk in my office with her skirt hoisted and panties grounded. It sent her into fits of laughter, much to my chagrin, since there was no substitute available and I had to make do with taking the minx over my knee and warming up her bum with a plastic ruler. But I diverge.

As I have explained, the bamboo was longer and thicker than the vine branch, but less whippy, so I decided to apply the same amount of force as before. It landed, as far as I could judge in about the same area of Betty's bottom, although I had aimed a little lower - inasmuch as it is possible to aim accurately with a cane, which I doubt. Betty gave a gasp, but did not budge or put out her hand, so I guessed I'd got it about right. I have noticed that after the initial shock and absorption of pain, some women seem to get a sort of second wind and take the last part of the punishment better than the first.This appeared to be the case with Betty, her reaction to the fourth cut was the same as for the third.

I had reserved the last to really enjoy myself. It was a sizzler, but landed lower on Betty's bottom than I intended and must have hit its most sensitive spot. This time she gave a howl, straightened up, and clutched with both hands at her wounded buttocks.
'Sorry,' I said. 'Was that too hard?'
'Like hell it was.' She turned her head. Her eyes were wet, but her expression was not hostile. Indeed she seemed to be trying to smile. 'I'm afraid I'm an awful coward,' she said.
'Not at all. You were brave. I'm afraid I let myself go; the temptation was too great.' I helped her off the bale and she smoothed down the front of her jeans.
'Can I see the damage?' I said.

She looked at me for a moment, undecided, then shrugged her shoulders.
'Oh, well, in for a penny'.
She turned her back unzipped the jeans, and started to ease them down, making a face as the waistband pressed against her bottom. Its white surface was covered with a pink flush and there were darker lines where my cane had fallen. I could only count three the first being a near miss so two must have co-incided. One of them, the most vivid, ran just above that famous crease between thighs and bottom cheeks. It would have been the last, the one I really laid on, and must have been excruciating. On the whole I was not displeased with my handiwork, while thinking I might do better next time.

'Seen enough?' said Betty. She started to pull up her jeans, assuming a look of anguish as she negotiated the passage through them of her bottom.

We went back to the house and I poured each of us a stiff drink. We were in the kitchen, where all the chairs are hard. 'Sit down , I said, forgetting what it meant for her. She made a grimace.
'No thanks. I'd rather

stand.'
' Sore is it? Well, it will soon wear off. You wont notice it in the morning. I produced two fivers and handed them over. She tried to insert them in her hip pocket but found that too painful.

What's the boy friend going to think?' I asked her.
'He won't know. There's no reason why I should tell him.'
'You'll have to be careful he doesn't see. Those marks will be there for a week, at least.'
'Oh, I'll be careful. I don't want to put ideas into his head.'

I poured us both a second drink and we chatted of this and that until she said she must go. I escorted her to the front door and, as we were saying goodbye, she rose on her toes - I am rather tall - and kissed me lightly on the cheek.

I have a feeling that I haven't seen the last of Betty's bottom.

P.Q.
Norwich

A Short Trip Accross the Channel

I send you some photos to show the appeal of shorts fetishism applied to an attractive girl.
Unfortunatly it is very difficult for me to write in English something about the attraction of girls wearing sexy shorts for receive a spanking.
May be you will try to combine them with some writing on the shorts theme.
I hope that many readers shall be interested by this subject.
I would be happy to help you concerning this kind of stories for illustrate your magasin.

Alexandre C.
France

Brush Strokes

I have become a keen enthusiast of the 'hairbrush' technique for spanking purposes, especially for older girls - the hand spanking of whom can have a too

painful effect on our good palm!

The hairbrush I use has a smooth, wooden back, and a comfortably shaped-handle of convenient length; as a matter of fact I bought it at a school supply store, the proprietress of which specifically recommended it, to me for spanking purposes - especially where physically grown-up, teenage girls were concerned !

Joanne

Susan's Punishment

Spankers on the whole I feel are not mindless sadists, and I certainly do not gain any great pleasure from inflicting pain, but when my young lady misbehaves, I certainly gain

great satisfaction from leaving her with a hot and stinging bottom. That then is the end of the matter and there is no need for long drawn out arguments.

Susan, the lady I live with and who is only 22 years old, understands her position and accepts it willingly. Certainly we indulge in light spanking games as a form of foreplay, but when she is naughty she also accepts my right to punish her in the time-honoured tradition.

Last Wednesday Susan declared that she was going for a drink after work with a few friends and usually these affairs bring her home by about 9.30pm; however, on this occasion she did not arrive home until 1.30am. Susan doesn't drive so she travels by train and she is fully aware that she is forbidden to travel alone, due to my genuine concerns for her safety, after about 9.30pm. Obviously she knew that I would not only be worried, but angry with her blatant lack of commonsence and as such I think she was expecting a well-smacked bottom by the sheepish way she eventually arrived on the doorstep.

In my house punishments are, if possible, carried out on the spot and Susan was led into the lounge told to strip to her high heels and stockings and stand in the middle of the room, hands on head, to contemplate her naughtiness and punishment to come.

I possess a beautiful high backed Victorian nursing chair with an upholstered padded roll top head rest which, being of a sturdy construction, is ideal for the purpose I have adapted it to. However, as the back is somewhat high, I have to place Susan on a six inch high footstool in order that she can bend properly over the headrest.

Once in position, I have to say she is a picture of perfection, having a slim body, long legs and a firm but well-padded bottom

Letters Letters Letters Letters

and once Susan has settled into place, head down and gripping the front edge of the seat, her bottom is perfectly offered up for my attention.

I usually leave Susan for a minute or two on these occasions, knowing that she dreads these moments immediately before her punishments and I most certainly take great pleasure in looking at her so submissively positioned with all her womanly charms displayed to my gaze. Susan knows full well what is expected of her on these occasions; she knows she is forbidden to release her grip in the front of the chair seat and she knows that there is no point to pleading her case. Once I have decided to punish her then that is the end of the matter and only once the allotted punishment has been administered and she is given permission to rise is the whole scenario concluded.

On this occasion I was genuinely cross with Susan for her stupidity and wilful disobedience and I had made up my mind to soundly spank her for the same, so I told Susan to expect a sound strapping followed by twelve with my trusty cane.

My favourite strap is one I manufactured myself and it consists of a 12" long by 3" wide piece of leather approximately 1/4" thick, tapering to a handle at one end. It's not a brutal implement but I am assured that it stings quite considerably and it certainly lands with a most satisfying "splatting" sound. I know Susan quite enjoys a strapping for fun, but after a while and when properly applied I also know that it can be used quite punitively and on this occasion, whilst I genuinely wanted to punish her, I decided upon a medium strength strapping simply to ensure her bottom was

nicely tenderised for the caning to follow.

As always, the first half dozen strokes gained little response. I think Susan likes to prove to me just how brave she can be, but once I start to cover the areas of her bottom and upper thighs that have already received a tenderising stroke her bottom begins to gyrate, almost in time with the strokes, and each fresh 'splat' is greeted with a sharp intake of breath.

I didn't count how many strokes I administered but it was probably in the region of three to four dozen and when I finally put down the strap Susan was on the verge of tears and her bottom and thighs were a deep pink hue and decidedly warm to the touch.

At this point Susan began to plead for my forgiveness, claiming that she had been punished enough and that she would never repeat her late travel on the train but she knows better than that. I told her that was nonsense and to prepare herself for the cane, at which she lowered her head, straightened her legs and pushed her reddened bottom up in the hope I suppose that if she pleased me with her presentation, which in my opinion when coupled with obedience is everything, I might be more lenient with her.

I am a very experienced wielder of the cane and I know how to build up through a caning in order to maximise its effect - you should beat with the cane from the outset but you should gear the whole caning towards the climax of the final stroke.

Susan's first was of medium severity placed dead centre across the middle of her bottom - it wasn't severe but was hard enough to cause a little squeal. Then at about 30 second intervals I proceeded to apply the rod across her bottom working my way down to the tops of her stockings and probably by the fifth or sixth she was sobbing like the naughty little girl she is and her bottom was decorated with neatly parallel red stripes causing her to wriggle in the vain hope that somehow that will lessen the ever increasing stinging. Usually I pause for a minute or so before applying the final four strokes which in my opinion should be the hardest of the lot, culminating in a real stinger at the end, placed perfectly across the junction of bottom and thighs (practice on a cushion all you inaccurate caners)!

These final four were not well received at all, each being met with a loud squeal and much sobbing but stoically Susan continued to push her bottom up for the attention of the rod. The final stroke was a masterpiece, applied hard and accurately and whilst some three days have passed and most of Susan's cane marks have disappeared, having just examined her bottom over my knees, this final stroke is still clearly visible and unless she behaves a little better I suppose I will be adding further stripes to her collection before this one has a chance to completely disappear!

A.C. Harrow

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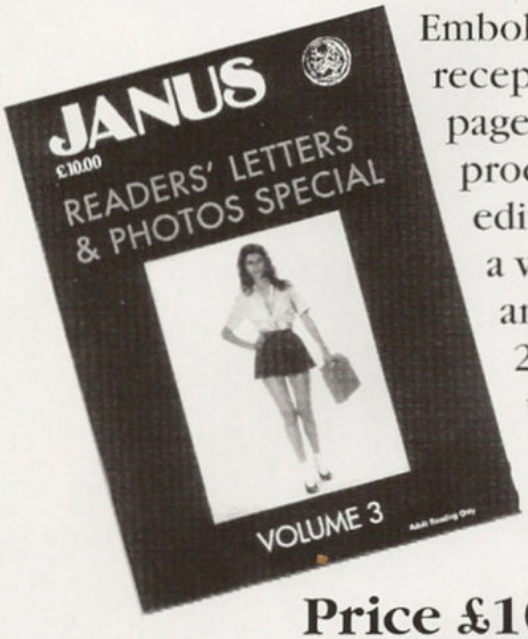

Emboldened by the warm and enthusiastic reception accorded to the first two of these 56-page retrospective compilations, we have now proceeded to Volume 3. In our opinion this edition may be even better, since it contains a very rich mix of authentic readers' letters and photographs from a powerful era – issues 28 to 34 of *Janus*, published in 1984-5. Plus three pages of new readers' photos and artwork and a charming cartoon by Paula. Highly recommended

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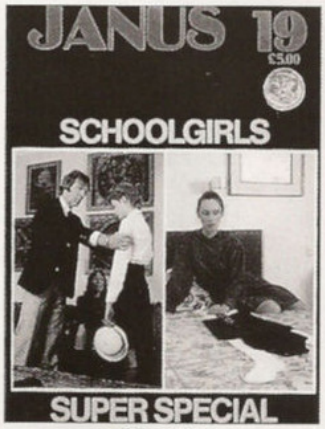

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